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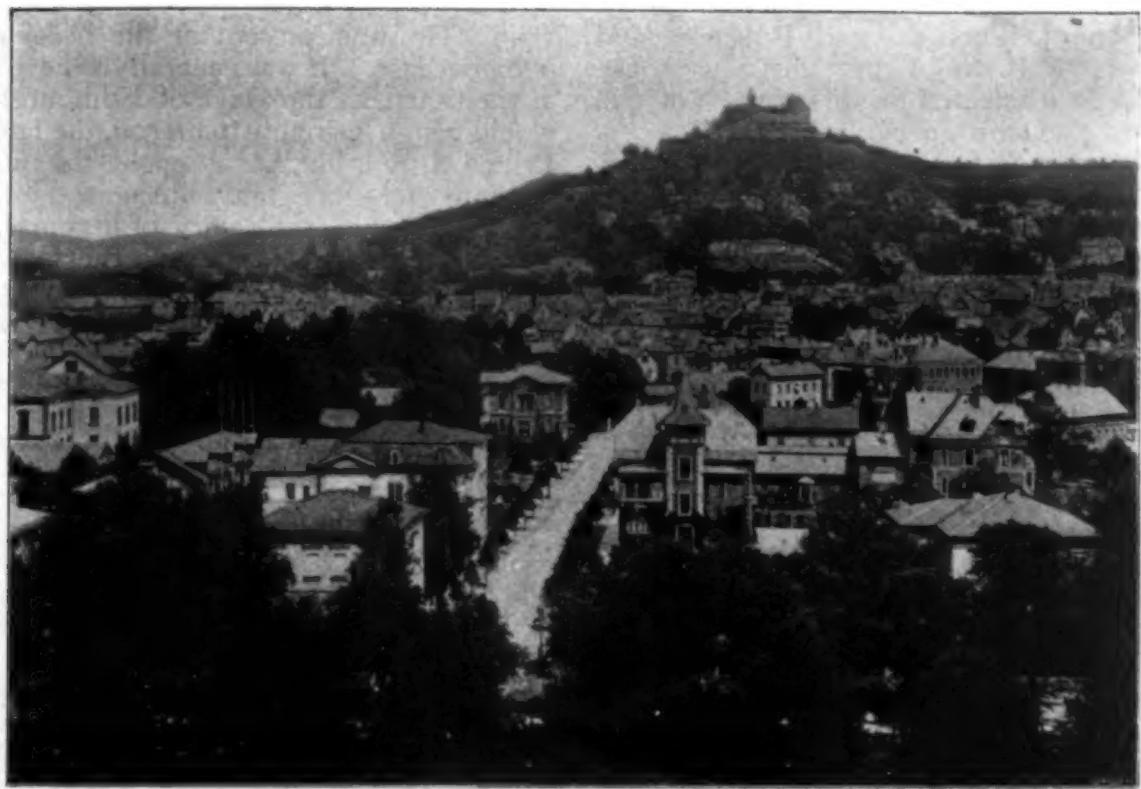
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TOWN OF COBURG

## *The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha*

*AND THEIR DUCHIES*

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



O reigning family has lately been more prominently before the public, no country has been more spoken of during the last few months, than that of the Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his Duchies.

He is near to us, being the second son of our beloved Queen, and having served for nearly thirty years in our own Navy, in which he held some of the most important and responsible positions, as we shall more fully mention in another part of this paper.

VOL. VIII., NEW SERIES.—MAY, 1899

Within the short space of a fortnight we have been able to congratulate the Duke and Duchess upon the celebration of their silver wedding (in January last), and have been called upon to give our deeply-felt and sincere sympathy to them and their family at the sad loss of their only son and heir, the promising Prince Alfred, who had just reached his twenty-fourth year.

It is a remarkable fact that the family, whose head reigns over one of the smallest sovereign states of Germany, occupies such an important position in Europe, and has furnished monarchs to

Belgium, Portugal and Bulgaria, and that one scion of this illustrious house has been selected for the consort of our own gracious Queen.

A strange feature in connection with the Coburg family is the fact that the larger portion of its members have Jewish blood in their veins, as one of the princes, the grandfather of the late King Ferdinand of Portugal married a daughter of an Hungarian Hebrew, of the name of Kohary; through this mar-

riage are the present King of Portugal, the Prince of Bulgaria, Duke Philip of Saxe-Coburg, who is married to the eldest daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, and Prince Augustus, the husband of a daughter of the late Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil, indubitably of Jewish descent.

1893. He was present at the bedside at his decease. It was generally believed at the time that the Duke of Edinburgh would resign his rights to his son, the late Prince Alfred, but he accepted the immediate succession, and on August 23rd, the day following the demise of his uncle, he took the oath to preserve the Constitution at Rheinhardtsbrunn, Gotha, in presence of the German Emperor William II., and of the Ministers of State; and his declaration to that effect



DUKE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

riage are the present King of Portugal, the Prince of Bulgaria, Duke Philip of Saxe-Coburg, who is married to the eldest daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, and Prince Augustus, the husband of a daughter of the late Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil, indubitably of Jewish descent.

The reigning Duke, better known amongst us as Duke of Edinburgh, succeeded his uncle Duke Ernest II. in

was on August 25th laid before the common Diet of the two Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha.

German national sentiment had no reasonable cause to be jealous of the accession of an English prince, the second son of the good German Prince Consort of our Queen, to this ducal sovereignty which is certainly, though confined to three small Thuringian territories with a population of about

217,000, one of much historical interest, and has one vote in the Federal Council and sends two deputies to the Parliament of the German Empire. The Duke and his family have always lived part of each year in Coburg, where they inhabited, as they do at present, the Palais Edinburgh. Prince Alfred was educated in Germany, and held for years a commission in the German army. The daughters of the ducal couple, with one exception, are also all married to German princes: the eldest, to the Crown-Prince of Roumania (a Hohenzollern); the second, to the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse; and a third, to the hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The youngest, still a mere child, is unmarried.

It speaks well for the reigning Duke that he has been able so quickly to make himself greatly beloved and generally popular; for his predecessor, although extremely economical, was doubtless one of the most popular Princes in Germany. However, the Duke and Duchess quickly became beloved by their new subjects. Their affability and great tact, their generosity and kindness soon won the hearts of the people, and the hearty affection displayed during the celebration of the silver wedding, and the visible sorrow upon the occasion of the death of the hereditary Prince have furnished conclusive proofs of the close union and love that exists already between the reigning family and the people.

The two Duchies are not contiguous, and have separate governments and legislative chambers, but these assemblies meet to form a combined legislature for the affairs common to both, alternately at Coburg and Gotha. The State being purely constitutional the position of the reigning Duke is almost entirely ornamental. The income of the Duchies, which the Duke receives, is estimated roughly at £15,000 a year; however, he has English revenues, and the Duchess is very wealthy, having been an only daughter of a Czar.

The ducal pair make their home in Coburg, in a quiet residence built by themselves opposite the Castle of Ehrenberg, named, as already mentioned, the Palais Edinburgh, or at their small palace at Gotha. The Ehrenberg is

used for state functions, and the Duchess is a most charming hostess. She regulates herself the preparations, down to the smallest details, even of the ball suppers (which are innovations, as the late Duke had quite dispensed with sit-down meals after balls), which are served in true English fashion at small separate tables in the most hospitable modern style.

The Duke of Coburg inherited from his uncle some very fine castles and estates in the Duchies, and a large domain with a very charming "Jagdschloss" (shooting-box), the Castle of Hinterriss, in Tyrol, with enormous preserves of chamois.

In Gotha he possesses an immense residence, the Castle Friedenstein, where the Duke and Duchess entertained their guests during the celebration of their silver wedding. Another palace of mark which the ducal family inhabit generally in summer is the beautiful and quaint Castle Rosenau, where the late Prince Consort was born and brought up, and which our Queen has visited on various occasions. There is a very interesting room here, "the corridor room," which was painted by the hands of the late Duchess of Kent. This Castle was given by Queen Victoria to Duke Alfred on his accession, and it is filled with innumerable treasures, amongst which a collection of old Bohemian or old Venetian beakers, flagons, and vases is renowned and of great value.

The home life of this royal and ducal family is most unpretentious and quiet, and the love existing amongst the members is of the warmest nature. It is, therefore, only natural that the grief over the death of the only son of the house was intense. As far as is known there was in the young life of the late Prince Alfred a good deal of the tragedy that knocks alike at the door of kings and beggars. Although a strong baby and well looked after by a devoted mother, he showed that delicacy of constitution which was the cause of his early death, before he was more than a child. Not the least cause of the sadness that surrounded his life was his transfer of home. He was an ardent lover of his country. Although every effort was made to train him for the succession to

a German sovereignty by sending him, at a tender age, to Germany and placing him in the German army, there can be little doubt that he would have been happier if he had remained an English prince. He became an officer in the First Foot Guards of Prussia. Good-natured to a fault, easily led by those he trusted and loved, Prince Alfred got into a not very good set in Berlin. There were stories of revels and heavy

regiment, but he was never strong enough to do any active service in his new regiment, and he grew rapidly worse, and soon after the celebration of the silver wedding of his parents he left for Meran where the end, unexpectedly sudden, came.

The succession passes into the hands of the son of the Duke of Connaught. The Duke himself is the first in title, but he will not surrender his career in



THE LATE DUKE ERNEST II.

card playing, and all those other follies through which so many young men have to pass, and which, in the case of a consumptive ought to be criticised gently as the symptoms of a disease that, threatening the premature coming of the eternal night creates the craving for the enjoyment of every moment of the living and present day. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

There was some scandal and the Prince was transferred to a Hessian

the British army for the sovereignty of a small German Dukedom.

It must prove interesting to the public at this juncture to hear more of the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who, before becoming Duchess of Edinburgh, was the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia, the only daughter of the Czar Alexander II., a good-looking, spirited and somewhat autocratic daughter of the most autocratic family of Europe. She soon

adapted herself to English life, and lived for many years at Eastwell Park the life of the wife of an English country squire.

Her marriage was a love match. She was loth to marry a potentate, she cared not for vast territories, for vast wealth, for a throne, she had had enough of all that as a girl, she wanted the man. When Prince Alfred came riding in under her balcony her fate was decided, it was mutual love at first sight. "He is handsome enough," she is reported to have said, "and I shall marry him." The formal engagement followed speedily and the marriage took place in St. Petersburg on January 23rd, 1874.

So little is known of the ceremonial of marriage in the Greek Church, and so interesting are the rites, that a short description may find a place here. The ceremony occupies about an hour. It does not take place at the altar, but outside of the iconastas, which is equivalent to the rood-screen in a Latin church. Within this screen the place is considered so holy that a woman cannot enter; so a small temporary altar is erected in front of it, upon which is placed a copy of the four Gospels—these forming without the Epistles one book; and at this the marriage ceremony is

performed. All monks in the Russian Church are celibates; but it is an important obligation, again, with the secular clergy to marry, once in their lives only, which has given rise in Russia to a proverbial saying: "As precious as a priest's wife," to express a value which cannot be replaced. A monk, however high his position in the Church, cannot officiate at the nuptial service; this duty is always performed by a married priest. At the marriage of the Czarewitch in 1866 the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg at that time was a monk. He received the imperial party as they entered the church, and blessed the bride and bridegroom, sprinkling holy water on them; but he retired as soon as the marriage ceremony began, and the rites were performed by one of the secular clergy.

An unfortunate occurrence at the home-coming of the young bride caused her to be less popular than other princesses. During her entry into London she sat stately and erect beside the Queen in an open carriage, enwrapt no doubt in the sincerest veneration for her second mother, for whom she rejoiced to hear the cheers, without dreaming that any cheers were for herself.



PALACE EDINBURGH IN COBURG

It is not etiquette in Russia for a younger branch to arrogate acclaims in the presence of superiors, consequently the bride made no sign nor bowed her head to the waving hats and handkerchiefs. This was misunderstood : "She is too proud, too haughty, to bow!" Thus judged the crowd. In reality she was merely too modest. The first impression was so strong and powerful that it was never changed, and the precedence question, which was also very unlucky, aggravated the hostile feeling entertained by many against the daughter of the Czar. However these unfortunate circumstances in no way interfered with the happiness of the married life of the august couple, and the Duke of Edinburgh, always absolutely devoted to his wife, saw no side but hers. The evidently different position she occupied in Russia as the Emperor's child, and in England as the wife of a younger son, caused her to be but little seen at Court, and she is, without doubt, happier as joint sovereign of the old Duchies in Germany than she was as Duchess of Edinburgh in England.

The importance of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in the German Empire is well recognised, and the reigning Duke and Duchess stand fully in the position of Majesty; their Court is of as much consequence as that of the Emperor himself.

It is, perhaps, little known that the late unhappy and romantic King Lud-

wig II., of Bavaria, was once a suitor for the Duchess of Coburg's hand.

Of the Duke himself it is not necessary to say much, he is too well-known amongst us. Perhaps the most important action of his life was the refusal of the Crown of Greece, which was offered him (1862). He is a thorough sailor, and is as such best loved in his own country.

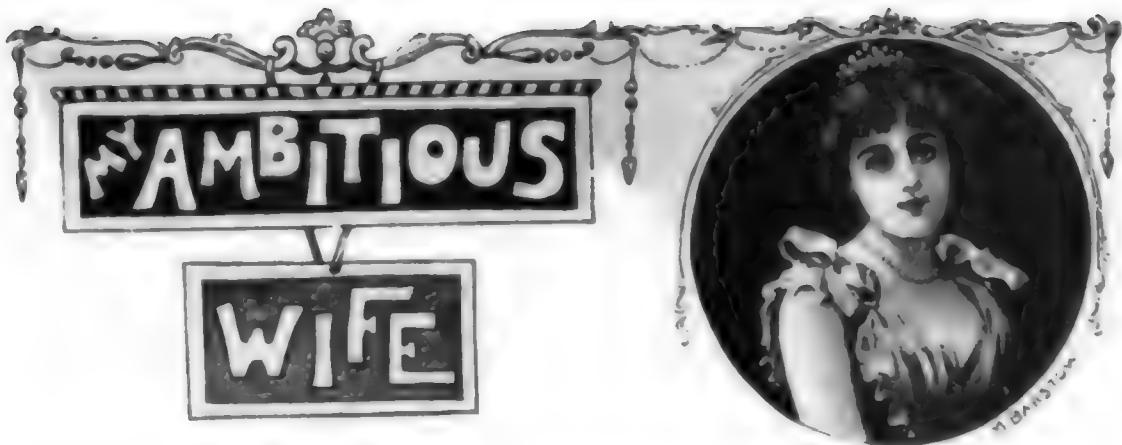
His Royal Highness, Duke Alfred, who is also Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent, and Earl of Ulster, was an able and diligent officer of the British Navy, in which he has served over thirty years. Since 1879 he has held the posts of Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserve, Commander of the Channel Squadron, and of the Mediterranean Squadron, and Commander-in-Chief at Devonport.

He is also much addicted to sports of all kinds, and is reported to be an excellent shot and an intrepid mountaineer, as he has often proved when accompanying his late uncle on chamois-stalking expeditions on the Ducal estates in Tyrol.

It was only last year that he spent some time at the mountain Castle of Hinterriss with his brother-in-law, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and it is reported that the sport was exceedingly good.

It is an old saying that a good father makes a good ruler, and it is certain that the Duke and Duchess make ideal potentates in their ancient Duchies.





WRITTEN BY ADA RANKEN. ILLUSTRATED BY MONTAGU BARSTOW



**I**NEVER contradict people when they say it's a real good thing for a man to have an ambitious wife. I have good reason to accept the world's verdict on this matter without a murmur. But that, at times, there is another side to this luck, no one is better aware of than the man himself who happens to be the fortunate possessor of such a wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mabel's ambition commenced to show itself, as a demonstrable quality, soon after we were married. The early stages of her progress in this direction, looked back on from to-day, I can afford to view with a certain sense of humour, though the humorous aspect was not the one I remember being struck with at the time. I was awfully in love with Mabel when we were first married; but the Mabel pre-matrimonial and the post-matrimonial Mabel were two different persons. So I thought, anyhow, when first the gentle Mabel Heathcote developed into a woman who was going to "rule the world," for such was her intention, she assured me, some six months after our marriage; later, it was her husband, and not herself, by whom the world should be led. Mabel was no visionary, and it did not take long to recognise the

earnestness of her scheme, which daily forced itself upon me in a variety of striking forms.

To be a leader of men, as I was destined to be, it would appear, above all things, that the wife of the leader should be attractively appareled herself; the trousseau with which the modest country rectory had equipped Miss Mabel Heathcote proving itself inadequate for the task, this was rapidly discarded, and Sloane Street and Bond Street ransacked for better things.

"There is so much in dress," Mabel said, in explanation. "It's all very well to laugh, Tommy, but it looks so flourishing to be well dressed, so successful; and there is nothing, you know, like success!"

Mabel's knowledge of the world appeared to me, even at that early epoch in her study of its intricacies, to be supreme, and I said nothing, and paid the bills. To be perfectly candid, my financial position was not in a condition to support the severe strain thus put upon it by the various "artistes" in feminine apparel. I am not a courageous man, but I was forced to face facts, and I braved my Mabel's ire and disclosed the most barren of all exchequers.

"That is nothing," she said, with the lofty scorn she was wont to assume towards the trivialities of life. "My

dear boy, I will soon retrieve our shattered fortunes, since it was I who brought them low!"

True to her word, before a month had passed, a triumphant wife had placed in my hands a cheque for over two hundred pounds.

"Speculation!" she explained. "We will spend this in gorgeous display, and London will say Mr. Maclaren must be making a fortune at the bar. This will inspire confidence in your fellow-creatures' breasts—your briefs will be doubled."

A curious success invariably accompanied all Mabel's plans. I had learned to look upon them with a reverential awe, and, whether from the "glorious display" which followed on the speculation, or from other causes, I know not, but I lived to see her latest prediction happily carried out.

"You borrowed the money?" I asked her, referring to the cheque.

"Oh, dear, no," she returned quickly. "Speculation, my dear, pure and simple—at least, it's not very simple, for, as it happens, it was rather involved. I went down to Finch Lane, where your stock-broker friends lived. I took a *coupé*, Tommy dear, and put on my best dress. We had a long talk over everything, principally based on your prospects, your brains, your success. Then I vaguely hinted at your influence with Mr. Vance's son—the one who's reading with you for the bar. Then I joked about having a little 'fling,' and got them to advance me money on the security (?) of your good will to the boy Vance. There!—only there's more—but I can't stop now to explain further, because I have a desperate little plot on—"

Was this Mabel?—the Mabel who lived in the quiet country village? And yet, thinking it over, I recalled with a feeling of gratified vanity that it was all for me my wife was developing into the diplomatist. And now I found, too, that I was trying to realise myself no ordinary young man, but quite an exceptionally gifted, successful man of the world. Mabel's constant reiterations concerning my brains and my talents told at last upon my credulity. I played the part of the clever man, and at

dinners often found myself referred to. "My husband," I heard Mabel now and again explaining, "is an authority on that question." I endeavoured to act up to the estimation in which others were beginning to hold me.

Up to this epoch in my career, I had looked upon myself, to put it baldly, as one of the many commonplace young men of the age. Mabel said I never understood myself at all, and that I had seriously undervalued my abilities. "You mustn't do so any more; you have a great future before you, dear old boy," she said. And if the road which led to this great future was not all paved with roses, to Mabel's credit be it said, she cheered me on life's rough way, her own courage in trying situations encouraging me further. She could face insults, surmount difficulties, invent schemes, laugh off disappointments, and overcome all weariness of the flesh in the attainment of her set purpose; and if at all times my slower moving brain didn't always know what she was driving at, yet more and more I admired and wondered at her pluck—"worthy of a better cause," as I periodically reminded her. But she chid me for my levity.

"Life is so serious, Tommy, one can't afford to be deterred in one's purpose. Of course, I see the point as much as you do; but, oh, Tommy, how I wish you wouldn't laugh!"

Well, I didn't put it into words, but if I had not adored this wife of mine so much I should have laughed more than I did, the irony of the situation struck me so keenly—the grim irony of it. Here was I, a man of thirty-two summers, being remade and remodelled at the will of an imperious young woman, who, not so many months before, had vowed to love, honour, and obey him, and one who, in her turn, was to be cherished and screened from all rough paths in life. Many a time, during our brief engagement, had I pictured myself the doughty champion of a weak and helpless girl, the guardian of the gentle little Mabel, whose early horizon was bounded by the village-green. Ah, me! experience taught me other and—according to Mabel—better things. As I have hinted, existence, at the outset of my upward

career, wasn't all a joy. In the off-hours from chambers Madame laid out all my spare time, and my "leisure" (?) was one vast sacrifice, "to attain the end," as my better half called it. Among the numerous devices which

secretary of the Lord Chancellor, and such-like, graced the hospitable board; and Mabel said of her "little dinners," "They will brighten you up, and prevent you brooding in your study, which is so bad for men." On such "off"



"'LIFE IS SO SERIOUS, TOMMY'"

were included in the great project were innumerable "little dinners," festivities at which wealthy solicitors (with a view to briefs), a title or two, one or two relations without encumbrance, a private

nights as a kindly fate provided me with, when there were no brilliant dinners out, nor brilliant company to be entertained at home, we had some happy evenings in my study, when Mabel would sit on

the big cushion at my feet, and lay her head on my shoulder.

"This is heaven!" I would say; and she, smiling back her radiant smile, would agree, in that pretty way she had with her.

"Yes," she would say, "it is: but, Tommy, these are luxuries, and life is too earnest to admit of many. You say I have become very serious since my marriage. Yes, you are quite right, I have. I have recognised my responsibility, and I consider a wife has to answer for her husband's future. I intend to be proud of yours. All women who are sensible are alive to their opportunities; and life, my dear, is just a battle, and there are great prizes to be won. If we give in, others will take what might be ours. An artist, you know, Tommy, is a man who is always painting, whether the brush is in his hand or not, and so it is with all vocations—anyhow, with those which succeed. My vocation, you know, is to be an Ambitious Wife—I am talking, of course, in strictest confidence—and, so to speak, the brush is always in my hand; and, my dear old Tommy, just give up trying to deter me. You're awfully good, the way you let me suggest things, and, admit it, aren't you better off than formerly? Briefs, you tell me, come flying in. Your genius is being recognised, of course; but I rather fancy, my dear one, I assist, just a little, in this recognition?"

For answer, on this particular occasion, I remember stooping down and kissing the prettiest and the firmest mouth in all the wide world.

"You don't think we'd be happier, dear, if we went away to some quiet country spot, where I could see more of you? I want to, you know, Mabel," I urged.

Whereat the blue eyes flashed a challenge at me. "Retire! Give up?—just as you are reaching the zenith of your career? Who ever heard of such a thing? What rubbish, Tommy—you quite disappoint me. You don't know what schemes I have on foot for you, and I'll tell you all about them later. And now, my dear one, will you mind writing a little letter to the *Times* or the *St. James's*, on some of those philan-

thropic measures you are so keen on, and I will work at something which requires at least an hour's quiet thought."

For one brief moment I gave myself up to the humour of the situation, then immersed myself in a quire of foolscap, and worked away at another long, boring letter, such as, at my wife's suggestion, I sent at intervals (signed) to the papers. Mabel flung herself into the depths of my armchair, which nowadays lulled me so little, and gave herself up to a series of schemes on my behalf.

And one of these schemes, a little later, was confided to me, during one of those rare intervals when I had my wife to myself.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to go into Parliament; there is a great opening now for a man of culture who will take up the question of 'The People'—such an opening might lead to anything. I see it all before me, if only you will act, and act promptly. You are a born politician, Tommy; I have long felt it. I have been talking a lot with Lord Rednall lately (that man you used to call the rich snob). Well, Tommy, the more I see of him, the more I am convinced you could do worse things than be led by his advice. He quite agrees with me that you would make a name for yourself if you would only take up the Liberal cause and stand for somewhere. What do you say, dear?"

"Say?" Why my breath was taken away, and I enlarged upon my difficulties: Meetings, platform oratory, speeches in the House! but one and all the terrors which rushed through my mind, conjured up by the bare thought of a Parliamentary career, vanished like shadows when elucidated by Mabel.

"My dearest Tommy, as to speeches, that is nothing; why, Lord Rednall, who is very much in earnest about your career, has offered to defray all the expenses of a first-class secretary for you—some 'Varsity man who is sensible and ambitious, and who wants to become a political agent. Lord Rednall says he has his eye on the man. Then, as to meetings, they will be great fun—I shall help, of course, quite vigorously. We'll get some irresistible dresses, and hire a

smart dog-cart. I will wear the colours on my whip (you know how becoming that is), and—leave your votes to me! Then Mr.—whatever his name is—the clever secretary, will write all your speeches; and you know what a good memory you have—that will all be quite easy. I think, dear, if you will only see that it is the right thing for you to stand, that we can do the rest between us."

It is all a long time ago since Mabel promulgated the above audacities to me, but I remember how, my terrors dispelled, once more I gave myself up to wild fits of laughter, and for sheer amusement could answer her nothing. Mabel preserved a dignity worthy of the occasion. "Am I to chuck the Bar?" at last I ventured, still smiling—just as I am reaching the zenith of my career, too." My wife disregarded my mocking attitude, and replied, "There, that is where the difficulty comes; but, Tommy, Lord Rednall has thought that out. When the Liberal Government comes in—and you must remember he is *sure* to be in the Cabinet—well, he will take you under his wing, and find you a glorious post."

"And when the Liberal Government goes out?" I suggested.

"He is a man of immense influence, you will be quite safe; there are heaps of things open—much better than the Bar. I assure you in our long talks together on this most important question, we have quite come to the conclusion that *now* is the opportunity for a clever, cultivated man to distinguish himself, and make a great career—for, *entre-nous*, as Lord Rednall says, *all* the breeding and the cultivation are on the Conservative side. Oh, my dear Tommy, if only I were a man at this special juncture!"

Stirred to the quick at this taunt, I considered the situation with a greater degree of seriousness; and strangely enough, that very night, my Lord Rednall "dropping" in to dinner quite unexpectedly, the situation was yet more seriously discussed, and it was after a glass of rare old port that I found myself pledged once and for all to permit my name to appear as a Liberal candidate for the next opening which presented itself.

It is true that, up to this moment, I had regarded myself as a man with no politics, as one who holds aloof from the pettiness of party spirit—whose sympathies, if, indeed, he had any, were inclined to that side to which, theoretically, anyhow, law and order were of some importance. This I confided to my guest just before we joined my wife in the drawing-room, and, with a charming and courteous wave of the hand, characteristic of his, Lord Rednall encouraged me to forget my "past indifference and henceforth to devote myself, heart and soul, to a cause which had the country's good as its standard." And he continued: "Your wife tells me you have always had a great leaning towards politics, though your time has been so taken up in your vocation, in which, she declares, you have been wearing yourself out. She is a nervous, timid little woman, is that fair wife of yours, MacLaren, and she would, I fancy, be happier were you to be wearing yourself out less in securing her creature comforts. As for any support it may be my good luck to offer you, that is all at your service, my dear sir."

Lord Rednall was true to his word, and between the efforts of my wife, the secretary, and his lordship, I found myself, one fine day, at the head of the poll—Thomas MacLaren, Esq., M.P. for a Northern borough. The irony of the situation now and again intruded itself upon me, but Mabel's radiant face disarmed my comments. "I am very proud of you, Tommy; I always knew your powers would show themselves. You are a born leader of men," and Mrs. MacLaren, M.P., bestowed a happy kiss upon her lord and master. "It's all to please you, Mab," I declared; "just all out of worship for you!"

"How dare you talk such nonsense, Tommy? You love flattering me, that's what it is. For goodness' sake, though, dear, never let any one hear you say that, for you know, quite well, how I declare you are *over-serious*, and your silence, when they ask you stupid questions which you cannot answer, is just that *reticence which marks the great*. There is a lot in silence, Tommy; and you are a genius—a real genius—good-

ness alone knows where you will end!"

Then this was not the end? Mabel and I went to settle down to an Arcadia of our own, some few miles out

husband must make himself of use to his country, and of *inestimable* use to his patron"; and with regard to the latter Mabel set me the example. During the season we were guests in Hertford



"AND THEN—THEN—" I ASKED MABEL"

of the smoky Northern borough which I represented in Parliament. I put the question tentatively to Mabel. "Good gracious me, no," she said, tossing her well-dressed head. "My

Street, where Mabel distinguished herself as hostess at the political salons held by Lord Rednall; and if Royalty was often present I verily believe it had more than a little to do with my wife's

arrangements. For her my patron entertained the most loyal allegiance, devotion and respect. She graced his board in irreproachable gowns, and she always said and did the right thing. Small wonder that Lord Rednall's "Bachelor Den," as it used to be called, soon became the most popular house in town. Once a Royal personage paid my wife the compliment of reiterating what all the world was saying, and Mabel bent her queenly little head and said : "Your Royal Highness, it is nothing to do with me ; but it is all because my husband and his chief show me the right way. I was only a frivolous little girl when I married ; Tommy has taught me everything." And the estimate in which this wonderful husband of Mabel's was held went up year by year. From Member I rose to first secretary and adviser to one of the big political men in the land, and we were able to afford our own domicile in town, and were not obliged, as heretofore, to accept Lord Rednall's hospitality. But he, poor old man, was inconsolable, and mourned the bright presence of my wife ; and when he died, some few years since, in his will there was a princely legacy "to his friends and benefactors, Thomas and Mabel MacLaren." And Mabel went into black for many days, for she was genuinely attached to him ; and when news reached us of his last generous thought on our behalf, she said : "There, Tommy, what did I tell you ? Everything has come to you—everything.

If it hadn't been for me your ridiculous modesty would have deterred you from living a useful public life ; and now that means have come to us, and we are in a fairly independent position, I can see a great *rôle* cut out for you. I will work out all the petty details myself, and you can do all the big part, for you have a soul above the trifles, Tommy, dear, and your career, you will soon see, Tommy, has little more than commenced. I can see you, in the dim future, with a crest emblazoned on the panels of your carriage, and me—little insignificant me—with a coronet on my head, which for the first time will be worthy of my lord's love."

"And then—then—" I asked Mabel, taking her hands in my two larger ones, "then, if I succeed, can we go and live in some quiet country place and enjoy life together?—somewhere where I can be with you all day long, devoting myself to your interests, dear one, living on your smiles? May I devote myself to my wife then, and chuck the 'people' and the 'public'? If I succeed, will you give me your word, and promise me a happy existence at your side, after I have become grey-haired in the 'public cause,' as you call it? Such a life with you, Mabel, is my one dear wish."

Mabel averted her eyes, but she laid her hand a moment on my arm :

"We'll see, dear, we'll see," she said.





ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



## VI.—OVER THE FRONTIER

### A DAY IN ITALY.

THE Italian Riviera is not, of course, so picturesque as the French. As soon as one crosses the frontier at Ventimiglia and enters Italy there is a marked change. The roads are no longer level and well kept as they are in France, and the people are of slouching gait, apparently indolent, but always merry and light-hearted. Ten minutes after passing the frontier, the poverty of Italy is forced plainly upon the traveller. The trunk line from the frontier to Genoa, which passes all along the Littoral, is only a single line, there never having been sufficient money raised to convert it into a double one. There is a bizarre air about the cafés and shops in Ventimiglia after the smart emporiums of Mentone and the bright cafés in Nice;

yet at Bordighera, the quiet little town beyond, the palms grow as luxuriantly as they do in Africa, and the houses, some of them very quaint old places, are high, sun-blanced, and ornamented with curious frescoes. I know of no more pleasant way in which the visitor to Nice can spend a day than to take a flying visit over the frontier. A day in Italy may sound but a short visit, yet it serves to give the traveller a striking contrast between the two countries. Both have their advantages, both their drawbacks; and these can be distinguished even by a visit of only a day.

Starting by an early train from Nice, the traveller arrives at Ventimiglia, the Italian frontier, about an hour later, and passes into the Custom House, or

Dogana, where he is eyed suspiciously by the officers, and by a number of Alpine soldiers, each wearing a single feather in a kind of hard felt hat. The Italian Custom House is perhaps the strictest in Europe, for all things pay duty, and woe unto those who are found smuggling. A box of French matches, if imported into Italy without declaration, is liable to cost its owner one franc per match ! This is awkward if the box happens to be a large one. But having no baggage the visitor passes straight through, and after watching the perspiring travellers toiling at their trunks, and the various little exhibitions of ill-temper and chagrin on the part of those who object to their boxes being overhauled, he is free to do as he will. To go on by train it is necessary to wait one hour locked up in a stuffy waiting-room, therefore if the traveller "knows the ropes" he will go outside the station, and after buying some English tobacco—which by the way is obtainable in all tobacconists' in Italy—take a very ricketty old omnibus along

the Corniche Road to Bordighera. The vehicle is ragged and terribly shabby; the paint has long ago peeled off, and the sun has cracked the woodwork ; from the seats inside the stuffing is peeping, and the harness of the two shaggy screws is much broken and liberally repaired with string. But the driver of that diligence, a short, dark-bearded Italian with a pair of bright merry eyes, is a character worth acquaintance. While you sit beside him as he cracks his long whip and talks to his horses, he will tell you amusing stories, and chaff passers-by with some smart witticisms. He is a real wit in his way, this merry diligence-driver, and even if he speaks Italian with a sorry accent his jokes cannot fail to bring a smile to the most solemn face, for they are really clever. The cost of this drive over a very dirty and terribly uneven road is fourpence, but if it were four shillings it would not be dear. With the horses and their bells, the driver whose mouth is full of voluble imprecations, and the jolting, lumbering old vehicle, there is a distinct devil-may-



BORDIGHERA—GENERAL VIEW

care air which I have never found in any other journey.

With arrival in Bordighera arise thoughts of luncheon, and it cannot be taken at a better restaurant than at "the Ligure." The place is small and unpretentious, with plain, white-washed walls and a few mirrors; but for a couple of francs one can obtain one of those succulent steaks for which Bordighera is so noted, a salad made in that manner in which

has been converted into a wide and dust-free promenade, running along the slope through groves of pine and olive, and date-palm. There are several excellent hotels, and many beautiful villas of English residents. Excursions can be made from here up the various valleys, to the old rock village of Dolceacqua with its ancestral castle of the Duke of Genoa; to quaint old Isolabona, Pigna, Vallebona, Borghetto, Sasso, or up to Santa Croce, situated over a thousand feet up the mountain.



OSPEDALETTI—GENERAL VIEW

only an Italian can make it, cheese, dessert, and a rush-covered flask of excellent Chianti. Bordighera was first brought to public notice by Ruffini's clever novel "Dr. Antonio," and is a quiet and comfortable spot in which to winter. There are two quarters, the old quarter high up, and the strangers' quarter down by the sea. The latter is formed by the Strada Romana, the ancient Via Aurelia, which ran along the whole coast of Italy, down to Rome. This

Bordighera is essentially a place in which to laze. That there is a large English colony there, is apparent from inscriptions in the shop-windows announcing the sale of English comestibles, while the Museum and Free Library, recently built by an English resident, is well worth a visit. Besides, there is also an English church, and a lawn-tennis club. The view from the promenade is a very fine one. To the left the wide bay of Ospedaletti; to the

right old Ventemiglia, high up with its ancient tower in the centre, Mentone, Cap Martin and its pine-woods, Monaco, and the far distant Monts Esterels beyond Cannes. To those who visit this part of the Italian coast, I would recommend a book recently published called "The Rock Villages of the Riviera," written by a well-known resident, and containing much valuable and reliable information, besides being both historic and chatty.

THE HOSPITAL sion into the Kingdom OF EUROPE. of Italy compels us to

pass on ; therefore we continue our drive along the beautiful coast, with its ever-changing panorama of bright blue sea and brown mountains, until we enter that pretty little winter station Ospedaletti. It is only a very small place, but its promenade is bright with flowers, even in January; the palms are shady, the orange-trees are weighed down with their wealth of golden fruit, and sheltered as the place is, the air is bright and balmy. Half-

an-hour away the air is fresh and exhilarating as champagne ; but here in the little town, which has of late become so noted as a resort for consumptives, it is warm and well-sheltered from that bane of the Riviera, the mistral. A few years ago Ospedaletti was unknown, but to-day doctors, even in India and Australia, order their patients there for the winter, the climate being so beneficial. The hotels and pensions are unpretending, but there is a splendid casino, which was originally built for gambling, but which failed to obtain a license from the Italian Government. It is curious that, although the weekly lotto, or public lottery, in Italy is conducted by the State, who profit about ten million lire annually by it, yet public gambling is not recognised. The lotto is the worst form of gambling, for it is always the poor who spend half their earnings upon buying their numbers for the lotto in expectation of winning a "terno," or a net gain of one thousand pounds for every ninepence they stake ! With such prizes offered, is it any won-



SAN REMO—THE PROMENADE



SAN REMO—AN ANCIENT STREET

der that the poor are eager to obtain them, and often spend their last centesimi in the purchase of tickets. The lotto may bring a good revenue to the Government, but it certainly is a most pernicious system. In every town in Italy there are two or three "banks" of the lotto open all the week, where the public may purchase tickets and choose their numbers. The numbers are from 1 to 90; and are drawn on Saturdays by school-children in the eight great cities in Italy. Five numbers only are drawn at each city, and are then telegraphed to every "bank" in the kingdom, and exhibited outside on Sunday mornings. Many people win. A friend of mine, a doctor, living in Leghorn, won, three years ago, £12,000 at one coup, and with that sum bought a very comfortable villa. Of

course news of his good fortune caused hundreds to attempt a similar coup, much to their ultimate disconsolation.

**From Ospedaletti**  
**SAN REMO AND ITS FUTURE.**

we pass along the old road to Rome, winding and rather dusty, around the Capo Nero, and suddenly San Remo, bright and gay, comes into view. Although a comparatively small place, it is, like all Italian towns, densely crowded in the older parts of the town, which consists of a curious labyrinth of narrow but clean lanes, flights of steps, dark archways, lofty and sombre houses, and crumbling frescoed walls. The arches which connect the houses are a precaution against earthquakes, although happily such disturbances are of very infrequent occurrence. It is well

sheltered, with a climate similar to that of Mentone. In the rich vegetation of the bay the olive predominates, while the hills above are chiefly clothed with pines. From the olive groves peep forth tiny white houses and several little churches, and it is here, up at S. Romolo, where in summer visitors take refuge from the heat and mosquitoes. San Remo is the gayest place on the Italian Riviera, and has improved wonderfully during the past couple of years. In the Via Vittorio Emanuele, the principal street, quite a number of new shops have sprung up. The visitors are of the class who display the latest Parisian toilettes. New hotels are springing up everywhere. A great Casino is in course of construction, and will be opened next November, and altogether there is every sign that San Remo has a great future before her. Indeed, it is a most pleasant place in which to reside, for living is comparatively cheap, the hotels are comfortable, the cooking is always excellent, and the life is bright and merry without too much whirl and glitter. This year, for the first time, the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway have run through their express trains from Paris to San Remo, thus showing that the number of visitors demands it. Hitherto, one had always to wait an hour at the frontier before the starting of the Italian train. That San Remo will grow rapidly and advance in public favour is certain, and the fact that at least three new hotels, all of them immense places, are now being built, is sufficient to show the belief of capitalists in the progress of the town.

Speaking of capitalists, one is badly wanted at Alassio.

Alassio, a pretty little place situated a little further along the coast. It is a charming spot, and the most charming place in which the English visitor can stay is at the Villa Lengua da Cà, a magnificent place with a wonderful tropical garden, constructed by the well-known Mr. Hanbury, of La Mortola. The place, which is the only English pension—all other hotels being run by Germans—is kept by Miss Seete, and I can recommend it to my readers both for cheapness and comfort. Alassio, however, is ripe for a larger private pension for English visitors, and it is to be hoped that ere long someone will see his way to build one, for to a select circle of English, the air and beauties of Alassio have long been known, and there is no doubt that within the next couple of years the place will be quite as popular as San Remo or Bordighera. And now, having given this rapid glance at the beautiful Italian coast, we must return north again in search of cooler air, for the season has far advanced, and to remain longer in the Sunny South would be to suffer torments of heat and mosquitoes. The Riviera season is at an end, and while hoping to resume my chats upon places and things in the South, I must for the present take leave of them. I shall not, however, take leave of my readers, but hope to continue these chapters of Continental chat in the next number of the "Ludgate," under a different heading.

The accompanying photographs are by J. GILETTA, Nice, and SCHRODER & CO., Zurich.



# *Milton's Cottage*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY L. JESSIE ALLEN



HALFON ST. GILES, this quiet old-world village, lies away in a broad smiling valley at the foot of the last spur of the Chiltern Hills, and is fairly surrounded by cherry-tree orchards and broad meadows. The hills rise all round with well-wooded slopes, and seem to shut out the noise and bustle of the world, and if it were not for the many pilgrims who come to see Milton's Cottage, would probably remain for months at a time without any strangers to trouble its peaceful beauty.

We approach Chalfont from high ground and through pretty lanes that meander up hill and down dale, and afford us many peeps of picturesque red-bricked farmhouses, and of handsome houses surrounded by park-like demesnes, till, reaching the last deep descent, we pass the "Pheasants Inn" on the Amersham road, and continuing our descent under some splendid beech trees that almost meet overhead, we find ourselves on the village green, with the little river Misbourne flowing by.

It is a wide open space, and the old timbered houses of the village street, the Inn and the Church in the background, form a pretty picture, which is reflected in the clear waters of the Misbourne.

Chalfont St. Giles is an old-world place, and is mentioned in Doomsday Book as "Celfunte." The name may perhaps be derived from "chald" or "cald," meaning cold, and "funt," fountain or spring, and so would easily become Chalfont, and from this has in course of time and clipping easily come to Chalfont, Giles' Chalfont as we find it called, and a neighbouring village is Chalfont St. Peter.

On the left of the green is the chief inn of the place, called "The Merlin's Cave"; this is a modern building, but we are told that the sign of the Merlin's Cave has existed here

for ages, and tradition points the origin of the name to a cave in a field hard by, which is said to have been inhabited by a wizard. Then come three quaint old timbered houses, which were formerly almshouses, and we are actually in the village street. On the left of the street we are at once struck by a very old lych-gate, which, framed in oak, is built into an archway which goes under one of the old houses straight into the churchyard, giving us a view of the handsome Norman church dedicated to St. Giles. The lych-gate, a feature in so many old English churchyards, derives its name from the German word Leiche (a corpse), for under the shelter of its roof was a place to rest the coffin, while waiting for the priest to advance to receive the funeral procession. This old gate turned on a pivot, and the pulley wheel is still to be seen that was used for this purpose. The churchyard is picturesque, and forms a pretty setting for the fine old church, which is built of flint-stones and chalk, and shows plain traces of its antiquity, especially the tower. The church has had many additions at different periods, and the chancel is undoubtedly Early English. In the nave, the original square Norman bases are left to the pillars, but the capitals are of much later date. The walls of the church were originally frescoed, and some of these frescoes are still visible, and in fairly good preservation. One of them represents a female figure offering a document, with a seal attached, to the Virgin Mary, probably representing some gift or donation to the church by the pious lady. There is another of the Virgin Mary releasing a soul from purgatory. These frescoes are thought to be 13th century work, and the handling of the subject has much naïveté, purgatory being represented, in the usual realistic, mediæval fashion, by a carefully painted black oven with each brick faith-

fully represented, and the figure is being literally drawn out of the oven. The colours are still quite bright and clear. There are other paintings of later date, one of which is thought to represent the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod, as one figure is conveying the head in a charger, while the other is represented dancing, the figure supported on the hands with her feet in the air. This curious attitude for depicting dancing is often found in 14th century work, being the actual manner of Eastern dancing in the days of Herod. Fragments of texts can still be seen, written right across these frescoes.

These scripture texts were ordered to be written on church walls by Queen Elizabeth in 1564. The church is disappointing in its entire lack of old stained glass, but this was no doubt caused by Cromwell's troops, who were encamped near Aylesbury, and the cannon balls of these iconoclasts have been found embedded in the old oak roof, and from their position must have come straight through the east window. The new vestry is entirely wainscoted with the old oak taken from the fittings of the ringing chamber of the tower and some of the old pews. Some of the old carved seats of mediæval times are still preserved. The stoup for holy water is still in position in the chamber under the tower, and the old alms-box and the cover of the font in oak are Jacobean work. The old square stone font is Norman, and was restored by Mr. Street, who replaced the four small shafts from a copy of a broken one that was found near the spot.

We ascend the steep stone winding stairs of the tower, which are in places much worn from the many feet that have gone up and down during the centuries, and soon find ourselves standing on the great beams in the bell tower, through the open spaces of which we see the bells, big and small; and the old curfew bell is still hanging near the window-slit, from which we have a lovely vista of trees and hills. On the other side is rather a curiosity—a small window which looks across the church to the east end, and enabled the ringer to see when the priest elevated the Host, so as to ring the sanctus bell, and we hear



LYCH-GATE, CHALFONT ST. GILES.

that this ancient custom is still preserved in the church, as the bell is rung at the conclusion of the Celebration. Our guide, who has brought us up the tower, is very proud of his bells, and is one of the ringers. We hear many tales about the bells, and of some terrible accidents that have happened to some of the ringers who have become entangled with the ropes, and suddenly swung aloft to the roof of the bell chamber. On one of the bells is this inscription :—

“ Tho' I am small, I will  
Be heard among you all.”

*R. C. fecit. A.D. 1742.*

The bells are tolled on the death of a parishioner, three times four for a man, three times three for a woman, and for a child another bell is used. The bell is then tolled for half an hour: but the custom of ringing out the age of the deceased in sharp quick strokes, which

is usual in the West of England, does not seem to be in use here.

There is a touching inscription on the north wall of the church :—

"Underneath this place lies interred Katherine, ye 2nd dau. of Anthony Radcliffe Esq' of this parish. She departed this transitory life June 7<sup>th</sup> 1660, aged 21, years 6. months. 3. days."

"From thy quick death conclude we must,  
The fairest flowers are gathered first."

In the churchyard there is the following, on an old tombstone to one Timothy Lovell. 1728 :—

"Italy and Spain, Germany and France,  
Have been on earth, my weary dance,  
So that I own, ye grave's, my greatest friend,  
That to my travels all, has put an end—"

Timothy Lovell was a courier in the days of Queen Anne.

We continue our walk to the end of the street, and the last house on the left is Milton's Cottage.

This is the only existing house in which Milton lived; and here in this quiet village he found a refuge during the time of the Great Plague, leaving his house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, and living for a year or more

at Chalfont, whence he returned again to London, in March, 1666.

A young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, who wrote his own life, and was for some time a pupil and reader to Milton, has left us an account of Milton's coming to Chalfont, in July, 1665. He writes :—

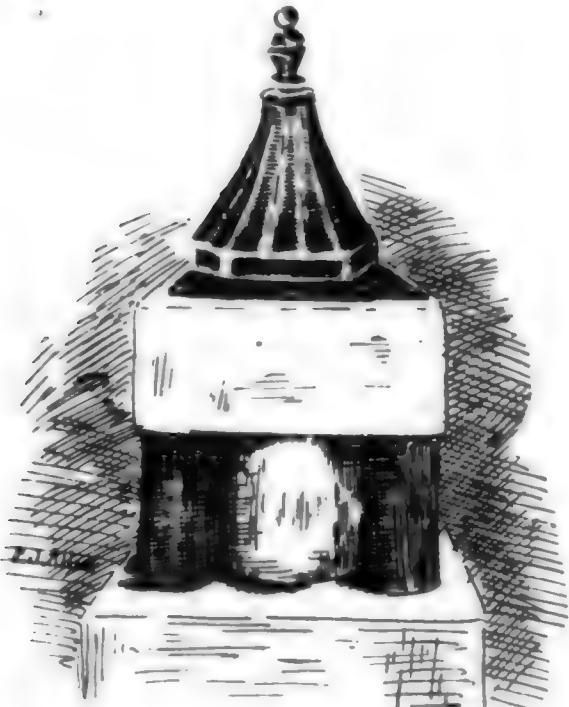
"Some little time before I went to Aylesbury Prison, my quondam master, Milton, desired me to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice."

Milton was at this time at the height of his fame, but had been totally blind since 1652, and seems to have suffered much neglect, after his second wife's death, from his daughters, who were avowedly tired of reading aloud to him in foreign languages which they did not understand, and eventually left their father's house to earn their own living by embroidering, probably resenting the presence of their young step-mother.

Milton's third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, was twenty-five years old, and is described as a well-educated woman, pious and good tempered, and competent to act as reader and amanuensis to Milton, and with her Milton seems to have lived very happily. We like to picture them in the low-roofed cottage in the quiet village, leading a tranquil, happy life, Milton dictating to his wife or some friend, or listening to her playing and singing, or playing himself, or during the long summer days sitting in his little garden, rejoicing in the scent of his flowers, and all the homely sounds of village life.

The greatest interest attached to the place will always, however, be that here "Paradise Lost" was either finished or brought as a just completed manuscript, for Ellwood tells us that, on returning to his home after suffering imprisonment for being a Quaker, he hastened to visit Milton at the Cottage, when he was given the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" to read, and describes the incident thus :—

"After I had with best attention



NORMAN FONT IN CHALFONT ST. GILES' CHURCH

read it through I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of "Paradise Lost," but what hast thou to say of "Paradise Found"?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject."

When the Plague was over and Milton had returned to his London house, Ellwood again visits him, and gives us

where no doubt the germ and movement of it were thought out.

We find many American cousins pilgrimaging to the Cottage, and there was even an attempt made to buy it, and remove it to America.

The house was at one time much neglected, but we are glad to hear that it was purchased in 1887, Her Majesty heading the subscription list, and it is now in the hands of three trustees.

The house is at the present time still inhabited by a family, and only Milton's sitting room is shown as a little museum, but eventually the whole house is to be devoted to this purpose.

A little beyond the village, up the

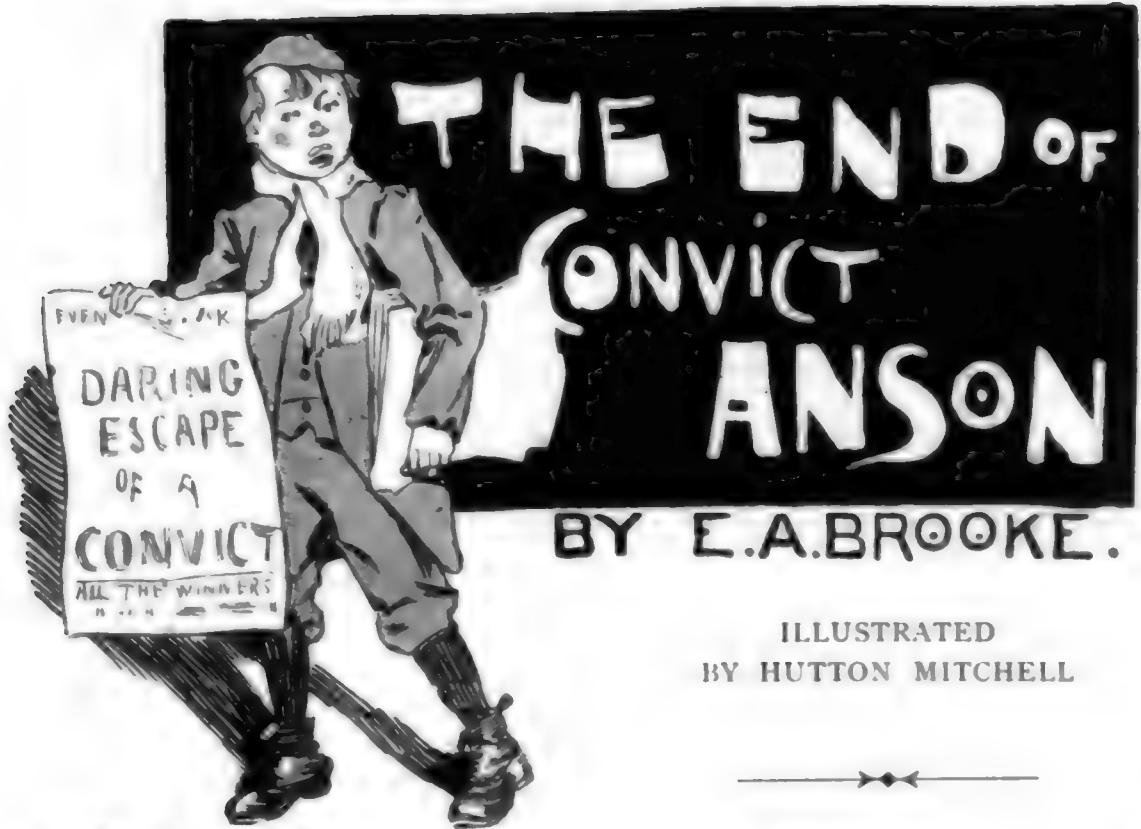


the sequel of the talk in the Cottage at Chalfont. He says:—

"Milton showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

The quiet tone of this poem, so different to the storm and stress of its great precursor, may be fitly associated with the idyllic quiet of the little village

hill, we take a farewell view of Chalfont. The Cottage is in the foreground nestling among fruit trees, and backed up by the old houses of the village, and the church tower stands boldly out against the large trees. The old curfew bell is still hanging in the tower, and as we stand among the lengthening shadows at the end of a glorious day, we think how often Milton must have heard it ringing out over the meadows and woods, and red-tiled roofs of his chosen retreat in this Buckinghamshire village.



ILLUSTRATED  
BY HUTTON MITCHELL

"DARING escape of a convict!" "Notorious criminal at large!" "Full details!" the newsboys shouted, vying with each other in the sale of evening papers. Announcements, in enormous letters, to the same effect added excitement to the information, and ere long every city and village within a hundred miles of Princetown prison was in receipt of the news. Briefly summed up, the facts were as follows:—Some months previously a man bearing the name of Anson, who had long been "wanted" in connection with some of the most daring and outrageous frauds of the century, had been brought to bay and captured in an American mining town. This man had, for ten years past, given the police infinite trouble. Time on time the arm of the law had come within measurable distance of its victim, yet again and again, from seemingly impossible situations, the criminal had extricated himself with a daring and recklessness that had won the admiration of even his pursuers. The end had, however, come; the offender had been overpowered after a desperate struggle, in which firearms were freely

used, and, handcuffed and guarded, had reached England, there to be condemned to penal servitude for life. Fortunately for him Princetown had been allotted as the place of captivity, and soon after reaching it thoughts of escape began to fill his mind.

True, should he attempt to get away his "lifer" would probably be speedily terminated by a rifle shot; yet to a man of high courage and unbending disposition, even this seemed preferable than to drag life out in confinement. The result of lengthy planning was that, on a certain November day, when out working several miles from prison, the captive had got clean away after a hard run for life; and though the police followed up carefully every smallest clue which might lead to his identity, yet never again was the man heard of in England. The gang of convicts had worked nearly the whole day in repairing roads and fences, guarded as usual by warders, with other guards, rifle in hand, outflanking them and ready to put a bullet into the first who should attempt to escape. It was drawing towards evening when, without the least warning, came down over the moor one of the heavy white mists, which completely envelope all

surroundings and cause travellers to exercise great caution lest they lose the road.

It may be the warders were slower than usual to close round their gang, or perhaps the mist was too quick for them. Anyhow, almost before they were aware of it, a shout was raised that an escape was being attempted.

Instantly the pursuit began. Yet, as there was so little chance of seeing anything, even a few yards ahead, in that dense cloud, there is little wonder the man escaped, and a heavy rain coming on obliterated any tracks that might have been left as a guide to pursuit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks after these events a solitary figure was seated on the edge of a rugged cliff in North Cornwall. The man wore a dark beard and whiskers, and was clad in the garb of an ordinary sight-seeing tourist.

There was little to remark in the figure, save that the build was that of a powerful person, and there appeared an anxious restlessness ever and anon apparent in the eye; few would have recognised in this individual one whose life had been stamped with the criminal brand, and who, but lately, had so baffled and utterly bewildered the police, as to lead them to think that even then their game was hid in London.

A turbulent sea was running landwards, and evidently caused anxiety to the watcher, for ever and anon he would shade his eyes and scan the horizon expectantly. At last a deep-drawn sigh of relief escaped his lips, and it was evident that a small lugger, slowly and laboriously buffeting the waves in the offing, was the cause of it.

"At last she's come, and time enough, too! Another few hours and those devils would be at my heels again—and then good-bye to liberty! Ah! to be free again, and under no man's control! One must undergo confinement to thoroughly realise what freedom means."

Glancing at his watch, which showed four o'clock, he rose and descended the hill, narrowly watching the boat; and when the beach was reached turned aside towards a small cave lying close

to the water's edge, and almost hid by numberless boulders.

In answer to his hail a fisherman, clad in the usual Cornish costume, but with a far different gait to that possessed by those gentry, approached, and, first looking round to see if anyone might be observing, advanced towards Anson (for it was he) and cordially slapped him on the shoulder. "Well, Tom, no need of further anxiety and no more cave-sleeping for you, old boy! There's the boat and here's the money; you'll be aboard to-night, and then good-bye and good luck to you! If you can't manage to elude those beggars a few hours more, then you're not the man I've known the last ten years."

"I don't think that will be very difficult!" replied the other, surveying his friend's garments with a grin of satisfaction, "most likely that faked-up representative of mine will draw them off to London, unless that fellow Davis is with them. It was he who nabbed me near 'Frisco—and a more cunning little devil you never met!"

During this conversation both men had been watching the lugger, which another half-hour brought close in shore. Winter twilight commenced, and shortly afterwards the boat, whose approach had been so eagerly awaited, hove to and shortened sail, while a few moments after a small pair-oared skiff put off, and with some difficulty approached the landing.

"Evening, guv'nor: nice night for a sail!" said the elder occupant, disembarking.

"Ay, a fine breeze and rolling sea will soon take us over to France, and then ten sovereigns apiece for every man on board!" remarked Anson, laughing; and with a handshake to his companion, coupled with a few parting directions for the latter's safety, the ex-convict jumped aboard, and turned his back for ever on the English coast. Not owning any religion, he thanked himself for having friends and money in need. The little boat did not regain her ship without many moments fraught with danger. The latter lay at anchor in a natural harbour, formed by ranges of cliff projecting on either side, yet a heavy swell was rolling in, and water



"THE LITTLE BOAT DID NOT REGAIN HER SHIP WITHOUT MANY MOMENTS FRAUGHT WITH DANGER"

filled the lower parts of the skiff ere she gained her destination.

There was little time wasted. Within another two hours night had settled down, and the coast-line vanished; twinkling lights of hamlets perched on or near the cliffs sank gradually away into darkness, and all hands were kept busy in holding a straight course.

Two men were seated in the captain's cabin: they were old friends, had "done time" together in fact, and the sailor had been the first to plan in what way his mate could be rescued.

A chart of the French coast lay open before them, it being thought advisable to avoid all large ports and land as quietly and secretly as possible.

True the route was long and round-about, yet every precaution must be taken, as it was probable the French police had long ago been placed on the *qui vive*, so that risk of detection was by no means small. Yet Anson feared little on that score. An adept at disguise, even his friend could scarcely recognise in this quietly-dressed tourist the fellow-prisoner of by-gone years.

By subtle means information had reached the convict at Princetown that a lugger would call at this particular spot on the Cornish coast every week for a month, her owner being confident that escape from prison was merely a matter of time for so skilled and artful a man.

"Well, Jim, I must get through to Petersburg somehow, having money to claim there; and then must see that little witch, Neta, whom I promised to marry. Infernal place, Petersburg, to live in—secret police, Nihilists, and any amount of others. Shall get away as soon as I can. Wonder if Neta has joined the happy band in Siberia yet; quite likely; anyway, I shall go and find out!"

Thus did Anson propound his plans with a gusto that spoke worlds for the relief which his mind had experienced owing to the escape from confinement.

A few days later the Parisian detectives were notified of the arrival in their capital of a stranger corresponding in description to the recently escaped convict in England, and whom the cleverest of the force undertook to watch carefully.

But Anson was not to be trapped thus easily. An old man, bent and white-bearded, supplanted the tourist, so that police and detectives were likewise baffled. Yet Davis, his former captor, was on the track. From what source that man gained his information will never be known, suffice it to say that one day he appeared at the door of a small hotel, and accosting an old gentleman who stood without, asked if he knew anything of a certain man, who might or might not have retained his original name of Anson, and who was "wanted" by the English police—offering the very man whom he was searching for a large sum to reveal, if he could, the whereabouts of the escaped convict. With an unconcerned

air the latter denied all knowledge of him!

Yet ere long direct information set the police once again on the right scent.

Thinking things were becoming too hot for a longer stay, Anson decided to leave France, important business having detained him longer than anticipated.

Then commenced a most strange and exciting chase across Europe: brain matched against brain, cunning against cunning, the gaol-bird always just ahead of his would-be captor. Frontier after frontier was passed with a skill which spoke well for the influence held by either man, till at the boundaries of Russian rule, Anson finally baffled his pursuer by assuming the dress of a widowed lady, and acting as such in every particular, a close veil effectually shielding the face from which beard and whiskers had long since been removed.

In due time St. Petersburg was reached, where the brotherhood to which the ex-convict belonged received him as Mrs. Forsham, with marks of respect elicited by such a well-planned escape.

This society had, along with many similar institutions, headquarters in the Russian capital, where funds were ever at hand to assist those flying from justice in all quarters of the globe.

Anson immediately set an investigation on foot to discover the whereabouts of the girl Neta.

This young woman was one of the most reckless of her class, ever to the front in any and every illicit transaction which might be going forward. Some months previously consternation had overwhelmed her associates owing to her disappearance. It was rumoured that in some way she was connected with a plot against the reigning monarch's life, which indeed was most probable for one whose whole existence had been devoted to intrigue; yet whether her body had been engulfed by the Neva as an outcome of some public or private vengeance, or whether Siberia had claimed the luckless woman for mining purposes was never correctly ascertained. Anyhow, Anson was disappointed, and spent many months in vain search.

In St. Petersburg he resumed the character of an English gentleman, and

such the authorities believed him to be, though in truth his time was fully occupied with intentions such as by no means befitted the rôle he had assumed. At his instigation many a wild plan was set on foot, and generally carried to a successful termination, the secret police never gaining the least inkling as to the man's true character.

Returning one dark evening to his lodgings, a man, clad in heavy cloak and large muffler, touched him lightly on the shoulder, whispering, with a voice full of meaning: "A friend awaits thee at Tomsk; go immediately!" and again vanished whither he had come.

Anson was too stupefied to attempt pursuit; which, indeed, would have been fruitless in the murky atmosphere; besides, for a moment he thought that at last the law had clutched its victim, and was greatly relieved to find himself mistaken. Pondering on this strange occurrence, and with new-born hope rising high, he reached his abode, and before retiring determined to undertake the journey to Tomsk. True it was a large place; but then the man's message almost pointed to someone who would be expecting his arrival there; and at last, fully determined, placed such belongings as were needful in a small valise, and completed his plans for travelling next day.

Of the journey, little description is necessary, save that it was long and arduous. Having arrived at last, and making a small hotel his resting place, Anson set out for a walk along the Oby, whose dreary banks spread away, like snakes, in the far distance.

It was evident his arrival had been observed, for, passing through a dingy and ill-lit portion of the city whither the walk had led, a girl collided with him as if by accident, and instead of apologising muttered, "Follow me," and at once continued her walk. Edified by the thought of a probable meeting with Neta, Anson pursued the guide through a labyrinth of streets till she finally stopped before a large and dreary-looking mansion, and, opening the door, entered without further ado. Leading the way down a passage, lit by one solitary lamp, she unfastened another door at the further end, and

bade her follower enter. The change from outside darkness to a brilliantly-lighted apartment for a moment dazzled the man's eyes ; yet as the vision cleared he became aware that he was caught in a trap, and cursed himself for being so foolish as to allow this girl to mislead him.

Who the score or so of armed figures gathered in the room might be Anson was unable to guess. All wore black cowls, and long hoods of the same material reaching to the ground. At the further end was a small dais, and thereon sat one who appeared to be chief.

On entering two men had placed themselves on either side of their prisoner, and it was evident from the menacing looks and gestures of his captors that all attempts to escape would be futile. Realising this, he submitted to being bound hand-to-hand, at the same time declaring himself of English birth and good family, vowing his country would avenge this seizure of one of its citizens. No notice was taken of these remonstrances, save that several of the hooded figures raised their heads and appeared to scan their captor closely. For some while silence prevailed, broken only by the scratching of many pens : for every man appeared to be busy at a table which ran the length of the apartment. Save for the brilliant chandeliers, ceiling and walls were destitute of ornament ; a rich carpet covered the floor, and the dais and table, with the addition of some two dozen chairs formed the furniture.

Anson had been standing in the midst of this room, trying to determine what course would be best to pursue, but his cogitations were abruptly ended by a sign from the seeming chief, whereon his guards conducted their prisoner to the foot of the raised platform. Without lifting the cowl, which entirely covered head and face, the man in authority next proceeded to address these questions to the ex-convict :—

" You will please answer all I ask immediately and correctly ! You are an Englishman, and have this day come from Petersburg ? "

" That is so."

" You are a member of the secret

police, and came to Russia as Mrs. Forsham ? "

" I came to Russia in disguise for reasons of my own. I do not belong to the secret police."

" Speak the truth ! You have lately been engaged in tracking a certain Neta Olioff, in the interests of the police ? "

" I did so, but for my own interests."

" Why do you lie ? You have been closely watched of late—the only man who dare pursue that woman is at present a convict in England ! "

Anson was completely checkmated, not knowing into whose hands he had fallen ; it was impossible to admit his real identity as an escaped convict, and equally impossible to assume the rôle of a member of the secret police.

Light began to dawn on him. Surely this must be the terrible " Council of Twenty ! " who were dreaded throughout Russia as implacable enemies of every law, and who were known to be the real authors of almost every Nihilist outrage. Yet one false step would be fatal, and a blunder might cost him his life if by chance these men were not those whom he supposed. Meanwhile a reply must be forthcoming. With a despairing gesture he replied : " I am that convict, and have followed Neta because I promised to marry her."

Yet even this bold assertion was denied—calmly and entirely.

" You lie again ! In Paris you were seen in conversation with Davis, the English detective, who would for a surety be placed on Anson's track should he ever escape. You were then disguised as an old man, and for some reason had removed the moustache and whiskers that you had hitherto worn. By your own words you are convicted ! Death awaits you as a spy and emissary of the Czar ! "

This last sentence was repeated by all present, and it was in vain the condemned man attempted to speak.

" Silence, liar ! " came from one of the guards ; while fresh cords were now placed around his ankles.

At a motion from the judge the attendants conveyed their prisoner to an adjoining room, closing and locking the door, with threats of instant death

should he attempt to attract notice by raising a disturbance.

The apartment used as a temporary place of confinement was far too strong to admit of escape, even if its occupant had not been bound; indeed, seldom could a room be found better fitted to serve the purpose to which it was now put. Again, not a soul in Tomsk knew aught about either the prisoner or his antecedents, saving the bare fact of his having engaged rooms in the town.

voices made it clear that long speeches were being indulged in. The meeting at length dispersed, and footsteps approached the chamber where the prisoner lay; at the door they halted and appeared to be discussing the meeting. Several words, insignificant in themselves yet full of meaning to one acquainted with Russian schemes, reached the listener's ears—"Czar," "railway," and "mining" being often mentioned.



"DEATH AWAITS YOU AS A SPY AND EMISSARY OF THE CZAR!"

Surely this was a difficult position even for one who had been hunted the greater part of his life with persistent determination.

For several hours Anson lay on the floor listening to the sounds from within the next chamber, from which it was evident that some great plot was under discussion, as the varying cadence of

On the door opening, those who had guarded Anson before again approached, and in an imperious tone the first-comer addressed him, "It is the will of the Council that your life be spared a short while. You will do everything exactly as you are bidden, or else"—and the man produced a revolver from beneath his cloak—"short shrift for you!"

Meanwhile the second guard had been unbinding his arms, while the girl who had decoyed him presently entered with a bowl of food and some wine.

Of this meal the prisoner partook, yet before finishing it a profound slumber overcame him, and in another moment the ex-convict lay stretched on the floor unconscious.

\* \* \* \*

The drug used must have been of a powerful nature, for when again sensibility returned it seemed as if many days had passed, and indeed the surroundings were strangely altered.

In place of four walls constituting his former prison Anson found himself in some sort of cave dimly lighted by lamps, from the far end of which an incessant noise proceeded, such as resembled the sound of countless wood-peckers. The same weird attendants were again by his side, and supplied their prisoner with much-needed nourishment.

A cowl, similar to those worn by the Council before whom he had been condemned, being then slipped over his head—he was led forward. This covering was supplied with small eyelet-holes, through which the captive was enabled to observe that their way lay along what appeared to be the floor of a newly-hewn cavern, and his surmises in this respect were found to be correct, when they came at last upon a body of men, clad in the same manner, who were hewing through a mass of clay and rock with pickaxes. A similar tool being handed to Anson, he was bidden to take a place alongside the others, and threatened with instant death in the event of breaking silence. Thus enjoined, there was no choice but to submit, and this work continued uninterrupted for many days. Escape was impossible, for he was ever strongly guarded: sleeping by night on the bare rock, and working incessantly through the day, being well fed and looked after in other respects. Day by day the tunnel lengthened under the direction of numberless guides. Day by day—or it might be night by night—that silent body laboured at its task deep in the earth. At last the toilers were bidden to take an upward course,

until evidently the desired level had been reached. On the last night of working there Anson, along with several others, was instructed to carry several large and heavy cases to the furthest point which had been gained, these were placed in a small confined area, and on taking the last case to its destination Anson fancied he heard afar off a distant rumbling, growing every moment nearer and nearer, till at last, with a rattle and roar which there could be no mistaking, *a heavy train passed within a few feet of his head*, separated only by a thin strata of earth from the tunnel underneath!

Then at last the full horror of the scheme presented itself, the meaning of which, even to a hardened criminal, was fraught with dread foreboding. He was in the hands of the Nihilists! There was no longer the least doubt, and their object was to wait their time until a train, bearing, it might be, some royal prince, or even the Czar himself, should be sent to eternity by the subterranean mine of which he had been one of the labourers!

Whatever opinions might have been forming were speedily interrupted by the guards, who proceeded to bind their prisoner once again hand and foot; gagging him so effectually as to admit of breathing only.

"Dead men are best witnesses!" remarked one of the Nihilists, and forthwith their captive was carried rapidly forward down a seemingly never-ending passage, until at last twinkling stars appeared to mark an entrance. Pushing aside some withered shrubs, which served to conceal the place of access, Anson was at once bound tightly on a mule, and his guides mounting others on each side, the whole party pushed steadily forward through the night.

Snow lay lightly over the landscape, but the night being pitch dark save for a few scattered stars, it was impossible to distinguish anything far ahead. Mile after mile was traversed, until at length the light of a small signal cabin appeared in the distance. The two attendants now held a consultation regardless of their captive.

"If Ivan and his men have succeeded

the signalman should be dead ere now, and the red light up against the express!"

"Twill be a good night's work, should all go well—Russia will tremble when the news is abroad!"

"My comrade, another Czar will soon be wanted!" and he laughed bitterly.

Meanwhile, so dark had it become that the leading mule staggered right across the track of the rails, and the leaders hurriedly dismounting tethered their own animals to a stump, and then led Anson forward still bound to the saddle. After proceeding a short distance there loomed up a signal-post with the *red light* glimmering steadily far above them.

The captive was then taken down, and his mule dismissed with a sharp cut.

"No need of thee again, friend!" remarked the taller of the guards.

A coil of rope was then passed round Anson's body terminated by a spare length at his head and feet.

Slowly the time wore on, moments of dread to the doomed man, not knowing what dreadful death might be in store. Suddenly was heard from afar that same rumbling, growing ever more and more distinct, until lights of an oncoming train loomed in the distance.

Sharply the brakes were applied, and the engine drew to a standstill opposite the three silent watchers. So thick was the gloom and so darkly were they clad that it was barely possible even the engine-driver could have seen their figures.

Quickly lifting Anson, who by this time was senseless with terror, they laid him crosswise *across the engine buffers*, and silently tied him in place



"HIS MULE DISMISSED WITH A SHARP CUT"

with the loose rope at either end ! Thus was he suspended in air in front of the engine !

Their work completed, one of the men turned to go, but the other silently severed portions of the taunt rope above Anson's feet and head, at the same time hissing in his ear, "No longer shall Neta cleave to *thee*!" and in a moment was gone.

A few minutes and a shrill whistle announced the resumption of the journey, and ere long the train was fully under weigh. Curiously enough the stoppage seemed to have provoked no commotion ; possibly because those on board were unwilling to awake the Imperial sleeper.

Whether it was the great heat of the engine, or the blast occasioned by her quick passage through the air is uncertain, yet the doomed man was soon fully alive to his position.

Death seemed certain : for already the remaining strands of rope were cracking beneath the strain. Yet an agonising thought came uppermost in Anson's mind : surely he would be blown up by the mine of his own composing ! Nearer came the spot, where he knew the explosion must occur, and quickly the remaining seconds of his life ran out—nearer and nearer . . . . Ah ! there was the hillock which marked the place ! They were approaching it ! They were on it . . . . O God ! it was passed, and no sign of a cata-

trophe ! Yet, as the heavily-laden train thundered on strand by strand the rope gave way, until at last but a single thin cord was left above his head. There was one chance—and one only ! He might possibly swing clear of the wheels ; and the hempen rope breaking beneath his feet at the same time might land him bound, yet alive, by the side of the track. And this is what happened : With a snap the last strand gave way, and that beneath his feet breaking a second afterwards shot him forth, grazing the oncoming wheels, far into the darkness ! . . . .

Down, down, down ! . . . . Surely that dark structure high above must be a bridge . . . . Down, down ! . . . . Ah ! he was falling rapidly towards a river, some two hundred feet below ! He struck it with a great splash ! A dim vision of a happy home in boyhood . . . . Again the great alarm-bell of the prison was clanging over the moors . . . . The waters close over him . . . . Convict Anson is face to face with his God !

\* \* \* \*

All the world knows how, but for information reaching the police at the very last moment, the Czar would have long ago joined his fathers ! Yet a single man only was captured, as with match in hand he awaited the train's approach to fire the dynamite !—a living example of Russia's terrible enemies,

THE NIHILISTS !



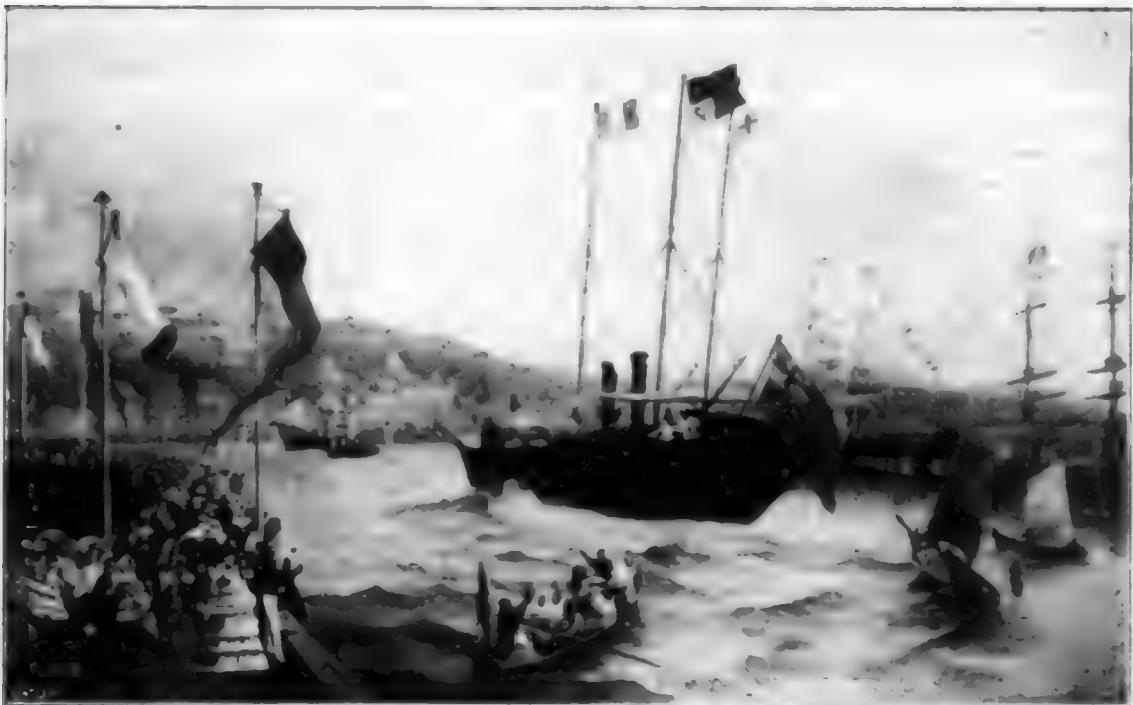
## IN MAY-TIME

WHERE shall we go to-day?  
 Where shall we fare together?  
 Nay ; there is only one way to stray,  
 Out in the full Spring weather.  
 Roses get ripe in May,  
 And yellow-bills pipe in May—  
 And there where they merrily peep and play,  
 There shall we go together !

Breezes finger your hair, my love,  
 Dear as gold to a miser.  
 Once I said you were fair, my love,—  
 Now I am growing wiser :  
 I turn from words to the blooms and birds  
 For a name, for a note to suit you ;  
 Yet none is meet for the joy I greet  
 When my soul and my sight salute you.  
 I watch the world with its flowers unfurled ;  
 I hear the songs of the season ;  
 But back from Earth and its maze of mirth,  
 I look to you for a reason.  
 Everything's new to-day, my love,  
 Clad in a youthful glory ;  
 Everything's new in May, my love,  
 Saving the first true story.  
 Oh, the sun in our eyes ashine,  
 Hiding our ways hereafter !  
 Oh, the sun in your heart and mine,  
 Luring our lips to laughter !

What shall we ask to-day ?  
 What shall we ask together ?  
 Nay ; there is only one prayer to say,  
 Out in the full Spring weather.  
 Roses get ripe in May,  
 And yellow-bills pipe in May . . .  
 But, dear, since they falter and flee away,  
 Pray we remain together.

J. J. BELL.



ENTRY OF ROYAL YACHT INTO PORT OF BOULOGNE

## *The Queen's Two Visits to Boulogne*

ONE IN 1855, THE SECOND IN 1899

WRITTEN BY COSMO CLARKE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**O**N the occasion of the Queen's second visit to the town of Boulogne, it is interesting to recall to mind some of the events that took place in 1855, when for the first time Queen Victoria, who was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, landed at the Port of Boulogne, on their way to Paris to return the visit that the Emperor Napoleon III., with the Empress Eugénie, had paid to them at Windsor. The date fixed for their coming was the 18th of August.

On the 17th the Emperor arrived in Boulogne, where he stayed at the Hôtel Impérial. The town was splendidly decorated in readiness to receive the august visitors on the morrow. French and English flags waved from every

window, and the harbour was gay with bunting displayed from all vessels and yachts. On the quay a magnificent kiosque had been erected, where the Royal visitors were to be received on landing. Before the entrance to the railway station a superb arc-de-triomphe was built, with the words "Welcome to France," in gold letters, surrounded by a génie, bearing in its hands the word "Civilisation." The whole was beautifully decorated with escutcheons, trophies, and banners, with flags of both nations intertwined.

The reception-room in the interior of the station was a marvel of artistic arrangement. About half-past one the booming of cannon announced that the Royal Yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," was in sight, and in a few minutes she steamed into the harbour amidst the acclamations of the thousands of people

who filled every available space on the two jetties and quay.

Many strangers had come from different parts to be present on the solemn occasion. The Emperor stood on the landing stage awaiting the august visitors. As the vessel came to her moorings, the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, appeared on deck, and responded graciously to the Emperor's salute. A movable bridge, richly decorated, was placed from the quay to the upper deck, and the Emperor at once went forward to meet Her Majesty, whom he embraced. As the Queen landed, she smiled, and bowed gracefully to all who were near her, and gave her hand to Maréchal Baraguez d' Hilliers before stepping into the carriage. The Princess Royal occupied the seat beside her, and Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales sat opposite. The Emperor rode on the right of the Royal carriage, and Maréchal d' Hilliers on the left.

The troops presented arms, and the bands played "God Save the Queen," as the *cortège* started for the station.

As the Queen passed under the arc-de-triomphe great enthusiasm prevailed, the ladies who occupied the tiers of

seats erected near cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, while their elegant toilettes added to the brilliancy of the scene. On their arrival at the station the Royal party were met by Baron James de Rothschild. The Queen addressed a few gracious words to those standing near her.

The Emperor conducted Her Majesty to the Royal Saloon, and amidst enthusiastic cries of "Vive la Reine!" "Vive le Prince Albert!" "Vive l'Empereur!" the train started for Paris. On the return of their Majesties, some days later, the Emperor again accompanied them.

The town of Boulogne presented the same fairy-like aspect as upon the Queen's arrival.

The news that their city would again be honoured by Her Majesty filled all the inhabitants' hearts with pride and satisfaction. The decorations and illuminations were on a scale of magnificence unknown in the history of Boulogne. The railway authorities had transformed the station into a veritable fairy palace.

At four o'clock the road leading from the station to the Hôtel Impérial was lined with troops; Maréchal d' Hilliers, with his état-major, and the town and



REVIEW OF TROOPS ON THE SANDS

railway authorities, were waiting in the salon de reception.

At five o'clock a salve d'artillerie announced the arrival of the Imperial train.

As their Royal Highnesses alighted, cries of "Vive la Reine!" "Vive le Prince Albert!" "Vive l'Empereur!" broke forth with indescribable fervour.

The Prince of Wales was wearing the national Scotch costume, and Prince Albert that of an English Field-Marshal.

Amidst the greatest enthusiasm the Royal carriage drove to the Hôtel Impérial.

From there an imposing spectacle offered itself to the view of the Royal visitors. On the sands before them the 40,000 men who were camped in and around Boulogne were drawn up awaiting the review before their departure for the Baltic.

The Queen, in her open carriage, with the Princess Royal by her side, and the Prince of Wales on the front seat, drove to the sands, escorted on either side by the Emperor and Prince Albert. Her Majesty looked with much sympathy upon the brave fellows as they marched past, doubtless thinking they were soon to fight side by side with her own soldiers in the Crimea.

At eight o'clock a dinner of seventy persons was served at the Hôtel Impérial, and at eleven o'clock the Royal guests drove slowly through the line formed by the military on their way to embark. The streets and harbour were splendidly illuminated. The Emperor, Prince Napoleon, Maréchal d'Hilliers, and Colonel Fleury accompanied the Queen for some distance out to sea. As the "Victoria and Albert" left the shelter of the jetties a magnificent display of fireworks seemed to announce the farewell of the town of Boulogne to the august travellers.

The Queen's second passage through Boulogne, which was announced for Thursday, March 9th, was postponed until the following Saturday on account of the unfavourable state of the weather. On all previous visits to the south of France Her Majesty has travelled in the Royal Yacht from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, and thence, by the Western

of France, to Nice. On this occasion a saving of five or six hours sea was effected by the adoption of the Folkestone-Boulogne route.

The "Calais-Douvres," the vessel chosen to convey Her Majesty across the Channel, is the largest of the fleet, her length being 324 feet. Her horse-power is 6,452. She was built in 1889.

Mr. Willis—the general manager of the joint companies, the South Eastern and Chatham and Dover—handed over his personal responsibility at Boulogne to Monsieur Sartiaux, the manager of the Northern of France Railway.

All the arrangements for Her Majesty's comfort were carried out under the personal supervision of Captain R. Stevens, the South Eastern's representative at Boulogne.

In deference to the Queen's wishes and express desire to respect the mourning for President Faure, no public demonstration was indulged in.

The side of the quay where the landing stage is situated was kept entirely private, only the authorities and a favoured few being allowed access to the Quay Chanzy, which was occupied by the military.

The weather, which in the early morning was damp and foggy, gave place later on to spring-like mildness and brilliant sunshine, thus bearing out the well-known tradition of Queen's weather.

The arrangements made for Her Majesty's comfort were perfectly carried out. An inclined plane, which formed a covered gangway, was joined by a movable bridge, which could be lowered on to the deck for the convenient passage of the Queen's wheelchair. At the opposite end the gangway gave access to the Royal Saloon. The whole was handsomely covered in crimson velvet relieved by gold strappings, the richness of which contrasted pleasantly with the green of the palms and plants, which seemed a fitting harbinger of the soft clime to which the Royal traveller was bound. At two o'clock everything was in readiness. In the immediate vicinity of the landing stage the 8th Regiment of Infantry were stationed, under the command of Colonel Solard.



THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES" ENTERING BOULOGNE HARBOUR

The floral offerings to the Queen were placed in the Royal Saloon. They consisted of a handsome and artistic spray of orchids and roses sent by the Mayor and Municipality, another by the Chambre de Commerce, and a third by the English colony resident in Boulogne. Shortly before the arrival of the "Calais-Douvres" another beautiful offering, consisting of a gilt basket containing mauve and yellow orchids, was sent by Baron Alfred de Rothschild; also some baskets of splendid strawberries.

But the most interesting gift to the Empress-Queen was that presented by the Mayor of Boulogne, the Municipality and Corporation, consisting of copies of two paintings which are exhibited in the Boulogne Museum and Art Gallery, representing her Majesty's first visit to Boulogne in 1855. The subject of one is the entry into the port of the Royal Yacht; and the other that of the Review of the Troops on the sands, at which the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal were present.

At 3 o'clock the booming of cannon announced that the "Calais-Douvres" was in sight. A salute of twenty-one guns

was fired, and a few minutes later the vessel drew up alongside the quay. The band of the 8th Regiment played "God Save the Queen," while all heads were bared.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her son (Prince Leopold), the Duchess of York, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein were on the promenade deck. Presently the Queen left the saloon that had been built for her, and seated herself on a chintz-covered chair on the deck, from where she could see the thousands of souls who lined the opposite side of the quay. Here she remained while she received the distinguished officers and others who were honoured by a presentation. Among those so favoured were General Jearmerod, Vice-Admiral de Maigret, Captain Fieron (French Naval attaché in London), Monsieur Alapetite (Préfet of the Pas de Calais), Monsieur Sartiaux, Consul Payton, Vice-Consul Farmer, and the Mayor of Boulogne (Dr. Aigre), to whom, with a gracious smile, the Queen said in perfect French, "I am happy to find myself in your town, where I remember so well coming in 1855." To which the Mayor replied, "It is a great honour for

me to present your Majesty, in the name of the town of Boulogne, our respectful homage. Your Majesty's first visit is well remembered by all. May I be allowed to wish your Majesty a pleasant voyage and pleasant return?" The Queen acknowledged these words by a graceful bow.

This interesting ceremony could be seen from the opposite side of the quay by at least fifteen or twenty thousand people. Little cheering was heard, but the respectful silence was most imposing as the Queen contemplated the multitudes that had congregated to see her arrival.

The time for departure had come, the Queen's chair was lifted on to the bridge by her Indian servants, and from there wheeled easily up the gangway to the Royal Saloon, where upon entering Her Majesty's glance fell upon the photo-

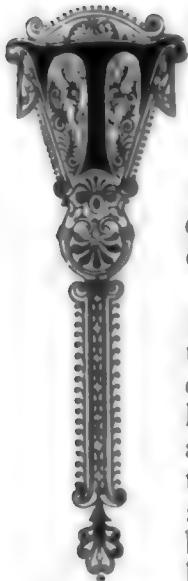
graphs offered her, which must have afforded her pleasure, for she at once sent an equerry to thank the Mayor for the happy inspiration. The Princesses also took their places in the saloon, the band again played the "National Anthem" as the train started slowly for the Gare Centrale, where large crowds were massed to see the departure of the Empress Queen, who, for the first time after a lapse of forty-four years, passed through the town of Boulogne which had so delighted to do her honour, when in the zenith of her happy wife and motherhood she had come to gladden with her gracious presence all beholders, who were only prevented out of deference for her kindly wish to respect the national mourning for President Faure offering her a welcome that would have equalled, if not surpassed, that of 1855.



THE ROYAL TRAIN LEAVING THE QUAY

# *With Her Majesty's Mails*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD H. COCKS



HE postal system of the country may be taken as part and parcel of the railway, for the G.P.O. would indeed be a short-lived institution should it ever strive for independence.

In the year ending March 1894, we were informed that the number of letters, post-cards, book-packets, circulars, samples, newspapers and parcels sent through the Post Office was 2,796,500,000, and that the bulk of this was transmitted by rail.

It is true that in the Parcel Post system the railway has to face a formidable competitor, for the Royal Mail coaches, a revival of the good old times, ply on no less than eight highways out of London, because it is found to be both a cheaper and more swift means of transit for this "expansion of trade"—the Parcel Post.

A writer on railway lore goes a step further and ventures to warn shareholders that the time may come when passengers will be accepted as parcels, having been subjected to an official stamp before embarking on the coach—they would, in fact, be conveyed at "owner's risk."

It is not generally known that the pneumatic tube plays a very important part of the G.P.O. system, more particularly as a night-messenger in the newspaper office.

It is claimed that atmospheric air never loiters by the way to play marbles or "cod'em," neither does the tube puncture or in any way lay itself open to the temptations and various hindrances

which meet the experienced Press messenger or thirsting reporter.

The railways advertise, and are more than anxious for your custom. Parcels are collected free of charge, and possibly—not often—delivered in a state of chaos, free of contents.

Speaking of advertising reminds me of an accusation brought against a famous biscuit firm, to the effect that although the managers stoutly denied the charge of thus pushing their wares, it was proven, and that without a doubt, that not only did they imprint their name upon every biscuit, but in addition, made the public swallow it.

The whole world, it may be safely asserted, feeds from its postbag : if these rations are stopped, business, enterprise and progress are at a standstill, or worse.

How many of us picture the weather-beaten driver in charge of either mail coach with its steaming "three in hand," or the frizzling engine-man in charge of the Travelling Post Office Down Night Mail, upon whose care our morning post depends ; and yet it is to these faithful servants of the Government (not public, as they'll tell you, if you proffer a bent halfpenny across the Post Office counter) that we owe so much.

But our object is briefly to explain the ingenious mechanism which the G.P.O. adopt, upon all the principal trunk lines of the United Kingdom, for the transmission of letters and the like.

The first illustration depicts the stationary post office at Bletchley Junction, the only one of its kind to be found actually on the platform of a station, but being so important a centre for the exchange of mails, the L. & N.W. R. Company found it expedient to control an institution of the kind.

This particular company, be it ob-

served, is THE Royal Mail route *par excellence*, providing as it does the special weekly American mail trains, and also the Irish.

The genial post-master stands to the right of our view, and within arm's stretch we may notice various interesting impedimenta, such as mail canvas bags awaiting their consignment from the sorters' tables in the centre, tall baskets for the reception of umbrellas, wicker bird-cages, or a pot or saucepan which, like the widow's cruse, never fails to

our illustrations were secured, the speed is proved to be over a mile a minute : but for all that, the double exchange goes off nightly, and in the case of the weekly "specials," to which reference has already been made, by day too, without a hitch.

The apparatus at Bletchley has recently undergone a change, and we find that while it has been moved about half-a-mile from its former position, the other side of the junction, we also notice that the apparatus is of the latest and most approved pattern.

Now about the Travelling counterpart of the



THE STATION POST OFFICE AT BLETCHELEY JUNCTION, L. & N.W.E.

supply molten sealing wax for the purpose of official stampings upon the canvas letter-bags.

Above we notice the counter part of the station post-office.

This is the T.P.O., or Travelling Post Office, which dashes headlong in the hours of dark from apparatus to apparatus, for the purpose of both delivering and picking up mail bags without a stop ; in fact, at Bletchley, where most of

post office. There may be two or any number of bogie letter cars on the mail, and these are united one to the other by means of covered gangways giving the appearance of one long saloon.

We notice a net on the exterior of the carriage, and also some iron brackets fastened flush with the side of the vehicle, as is the case when the apparatus is thrown out of action.

More about this contrivance later.



MAIL MEN PACKING "POUCHES"

We pass inside the vans, and observe that the whole is lighted by a double row of gas-lamps from the roof. There is an open passage along the centre of each van, while on one side are empty canvas letter bags hanging in thick clusters, and on the opposite side runs a sorting table parallel with the entire length of each car, having at intervals numerous canvas wells for the reception of all halfpenny stamped matter.

Above this table are pigeon-holes innumerable from end to end, piled one above the other. Beneath the sorting table are folding seats, resembling little music-stools, but a letter sorter never had time to test one yet.

Long before this night mail quits its terminus the postal cars become choked with myriads of letters, and the sorters set to work directly they embark to gorge and disgorge both bag and pigeon-hole.

If then we are to travel on the L. & N.W., our departure is made from Euston, and it is but a few minutes before Watford is passed, where we find the first apparatus for catching and exchanging mail bags in readiness.

But it is at Bletchley, one of fifty-three stations on the system, where the heaviest bags are both dropped from the postal vans and received; therefore we will accompany the scarlet-coated mail-men who are just starting from the post office, with their canvas letter bags

shouldered in readiness for the mile which they have to foot to the apparatus.

It is on the "Down" side where we find all the tackle, the "Up" side merely having a small receiving net to catch the drop from the mail, without giving anything back in exchange.

We notice as we draw near that the apparatus is out of action, the lofty brackets or "standards" being reversed inwards from the line, and the receiving net closed, the iron barrier which is close to and runs parallel with the rails leaning against another of wooden construction.

The two mail-men have no time to lose, so they set to work at once to enclose the sealed canvas letter bags in stout leather casings or "pouches."

The weight of these pouches, when made up, must not exceed 50 lbs.; but then as many as nine such packages can be hung up for the mail nets to sweep off, seeing that each standard provides three spring catches whereon separate pouches can be hung.

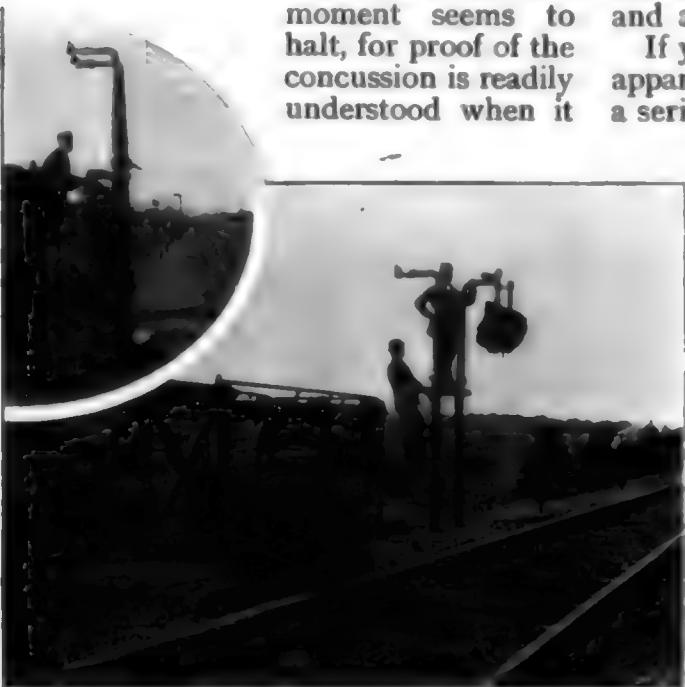
One net is sufficient both on the ground and on the mail, as however many pouches are hung out from the stationary standards or even mail van, they are all of them bound to come in contact with the one receiving net.

The standards are next turned round with their precious burdens swinging aloft in mid-air, and the receiving net thrown open and propped up by means of a stout metal cross-bar which bears

the full brunt of successive blows from the mail-van standards, thus releasing the pouches.

The net itself, of a size known as ten feet (and this is one of the largest to be seen), is of very formidable proportions; and so it need be, when we picture the shock received as the mail, travelling at seventy miles an hour, hurls nightly into the net something weighing quite three-quarters of a hundredweight.

The train itself at the moment of the double exchange fairly staggers under the blow, and for the moment seems to halt, for proof of the concussion is readily understood when it



ALL READY, AND ALL OVER

is mentioned that the rails, which are laid parallel with the apparatus, require special attention, inasmuch as the line is periodically pulled round out of truth, entirely due to the impact which the long mail car causes (and the net is always at the end furthest from the engine) as courtesies are exchanged.

As soon as the mail comes in sight, within 200 yards of the apparatus the net is sprung by a lever in the car, and this operation is automatically announced by an electric bell, which continues to ring in the postal van until the catch is taken, and the net closed again as a warning to the sorters to give a wide berth to that end of the car where the net is situated, for the huge pouches that come

shooting in and rolling down from the net would fairly damage anybody.

Simultaneously with the dropping of the net, the hinged standards are let down by a cord from the side of the car with the leather-wrapped bags dangling and scudding a few feet above the fast-vanishing track.

The supreme moment then arrives, and mails are exchanged, but with such rapidity that the eye fails to follow the double movement which takes place. Inside the car, you are conscious of a tremor from stem to stern of the saloon, and a bang and a crash.

If you are standing near the ground apparatus, you are conscious of hearing a series of sharp cracks, above the roar and grinding of the express, almost like the report from a volley of rifles, as one after another the nets pick off their complements, and nothing but the vanishing tail-lights of the mail are left to view.

Properly speaking, the mail vans should always be coupled next the engine, both as a guide to the mail-men in charge of the ground apparatus, and also for safety to passengers.

Horrible catastrophes have occurred before now, when the mail-van, with its net, and appurtenances, has been run in some other portion of the train—that is, anywhere but next the engine. In more than one instance a passenger has leant too far out of the window, when his head has come in violent contact with the huge pouches swaying on the standards of the ground apparatus, whilst if the mail-van had been run in its proper place these pouches would have been picked up before a passenger carriage could reach them.

The sorters, and there may be as many as twenty or more in the night mail, are some of them specialists at their work, while others take it in turns to have a ride as a change from the routine at the G.P.O.

An apparatus inspector who has been completely through the "mill" was telling me of the "sea-sickness" from

which at first all sorters invariably suffer. They are for a time completely prostrated, while it takes about three weeks to acquire one's "mail-legs."

The overseer in each sorting-car is responsible for the carrying out satisfactorily of all the many operations which require assiduous and unremitting attention. For example, the night mails would seem to afford increased difficulties by way of knowing where and when to precisely set the van nets and drop the pouches, for, as it has been pointed out, should either of these operations be effected before or after the right moment, a long list of casualties may be the issue.

However, an experienced sorter can tell by ear to within a few yards as to whereabouts he is, and whether the moment has arrived for exchanging mails, his hearing being guided entirely by such sounds as the peculiar reverberation noticeable when rushing through a cutting, the roar when the mail burrows into a tunnel, or shoots under or over a bridge. It is true that there are other "cues" to act as a tell-tale, such as large



THIMBLE STRAP AND SPRING ATTACHMENT ON STANDARD, CLOSED AND OPENED.

white-washed landmarks close to the various ground *apparati*; but these are only useful for day mails.

It is the inspector's duty to make a round of surprise visits, both to attend to the apparatus, which frequently requires repairing, and to, perhaps, see that the line adjoining receives some extra ballast owing to its displacement; or again, to see that the mail-men pay some sort of attention to the various regulations drawn up for the safety of both themselves and the mails.

A rather common mistake at one time was to hang up a pouch with its proportionate length sideways, instead of lengthways and parallel with the line. As a consequence, the mail net has struck the pouch, and, ripping up the tough bull hide, fairly scattered the contents and all to the four winds—odd scraps of paper were found for over half-a-mile up the line in too small a portion to make it worth the while of a professional scavenger to collect.



THE DOUBLE EXCHANGE IN ACTUAL WORKING





WRITTEN BY DOUGLAS M. FORD. ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH

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PREFATORY NOTE

**T**HE ceaseless stream of passengers moving along Holborn, passes, on the south side of that great thoroughfare, some ancient houses, which, perhaps, constitute one of the quaintest remnants of Old London. A passage-way cut through the block gives entrance to "Staple Inn." On sullen December days, with the trees of the inn black and leafless, the cobble-stones wet and slimy, and fog cloaking the buildings with its depressing garment, doubtless most people would think it a place of gloom, to hurry through and leave behind. But there is an old-world charm about the inn on summer days. Birds are chirruping in the boughs, the leaves are rustling, and on the bench below tired humanity can rest awhile. The tumult of Holborn comes with subdued sound into the quiet inn, and even those on business bent, who hurry across the flagged footway, are sensible of a fleeting moment of peace and quietness. On the other side of the southern archway there is a pleasant show of turf and flowers; an antique clock records the passing

hour; and one half resents the assertive presence of the towering modern structures which, on this side, are closing in on the time-worn buildings. Turning to the right, a short terrace brings you to some iron gates. On the other side of these lie Southampton Buildings and Chancery Lane. The foot-passenger finds himself once again amid the rattle and hurry of busy life. He has passed, in a few moments, across a tranquil oasis, which, doubtless, will soon be obliterated by the spread of modern bricks and mortar.

Lawyer though I am, I plead guilty—what a legal phrase that is!—to a sentimental reverence for "Staple Inn." And, perhaps, it is not surprising; for not only were some five-and-thirty years of my business life spent within its precincts, but those years, half of the allotted three-score and ten, represented but a small portion of the period during which my firm had offices in this quiet place. Established by my great-grandfather, on the maternal side, in or about the year 1740, the practice was passed on to my grandfather, John Richard Humphreys, whom I well remember.

His partner was one Ward, an able conveyancer and manager of humdrum business; and later still, I myself became a partner in the firm, which for many years was carried on under the style of Humphreys, Ward & Marden. The first Humphreys, founder of the business, was a solicitor of great ability, especially well versed in criminal procedure. His son, my grandfather, was no less able, and the practice in former days was in its way unique, and one of the most lucrative in London. A whole house in the inn was needed for the accommodation of the partners and their staff of clerks; and as the years rolled on, there were heaped in the low-pitched rooms, buried in lockers, stuffed into scores of tin boxes, and stowed in the very cellars of the building, a vast accumulation of briefs, instructions, memoranda, correspondence, journals, drafts, and legal papers of every sort and kind. Many of these papers it was my task to go through before the final dissolution of the modern firm. I had at that time two junior partners; each went his way, one to the City, the other to New Inn; while I myself, worn by a very active life, and in indifferent health, was happily enabled to retire from practice altogether.

Since then, in my leisure, I have put together the materials for this and other records of certain of the more remarkable cases in which I or my predecessors played a professional part. I have found abundant data ready to my hand. In the days of the older partners, the firm had a notable connection amongst members of the aristocracy, country gentlemen, London merchants, and miscellaneous clients. Not only so, but other solicitors, quiet-going provincial lawyers for whom the firm were agents, often, too, conveyancing practitioners in Lincoln's Inn Fields, sent to "Staple Inn" the business, sometimes strong in human interest, with which their own limited experience unfitted them to grapple. In dealing with cases such as these, of course I cannot speak from personal knowledge. It has simply been my province to weave the stored materials into the form of narrative. Thus, it was my grandfather whose notes and papers will enable me to shape the strange story of a double marriage, never yet made public in all

its detail. It was the more or less connected manuscript of William Jones, a surgeon, who, as a witness, preserved an account of a certain riverside tragedy, which at the time excited enormous public interest; and it is largely from the journal of John Phineas Henshaw, a confidential clerk of the old firm, that I am enabled to frame the tragic and startling story now to be printed in these pages as "The Clue of the Lost Locket."

Henshaw was one of the most useful clerks the old firm ever had. He was an odd-looking man; already elderly when I came up from the country to spend the last year of my articles in London. The other clerks treated him before his face with considerable respect. Behind his back he was generally referred to as "J. P." not so much because he was John Phineas as by reason of something magisterial in his manner. Indeed, he often showed marked aptitude for criminal investigation, and I remember that the steadfast look which he bestowed on me when first I took my seat at a table in his room (henceforth my allotted place for a year or two) made me feel as if I were in some sort a criminal myself. His manner was always decisive, and, when business pressed, extremely testy. As to his appearance, the undergrowth of hair had gone from his narrow head, and he had a habit of smoothing down the long hairs which were trailed across from a parting low down on the left side that was the subject of much surreptitious joking in the office. So much for Henshaw himself, and now for

#### HENSHAW'S NARRATIVE.

Man and boy, I was in the office of Humphreys, Ward & Co., the famous firm of solicitors, for over forty years, and in all that time no more terrible case came into our hands than that of poor Lord Arthur Waltham. I have double cause to remember it most vividly, for not only were the circumstances of the whole tragic business such as to remain indelibly impressed upon the memory, but the case occurred when Mr. Humphreys himself was at Bath, trying to cure a sharp attack of rheumatic gout; for thus it came about

that much that he, the head of the firm, would have dealt with personally in the ordinary way, fell upon me to do, in his absence, as the senior and confidential clerk. There was only one other partner in the firm just then, but without wishing to speak disrespectfully of a dead and gone employer, it must be owned that that other partner, Mr. Barham Ward, was not a man for a matter like the Waltham case. He could draw a deed, or settlement, however full of trusts and provisoës, as well as any solicitor in London, but when it came to sifting evidence, and weaving webs of proof about some cunning criminal—well, Mr. Humphreys was the man for that!

It was Mr. Ward, however, who drew the codicil to Lord Arthur's will, and it was with that same codicil ready for signature that I went down West one morning, early in the month of May, when the trees in Staple Inn were in full leaf, and London looked as cheerful as it always looks at that fresh season of the year. His lordship was a widower (a stately, handsome, old man, rather haughty in his bearing), and his London residence was in Norfolk Street, Park Lane. Lord Arthur's family was one of the highest in the land, but he himself was by no means wealthy. The house in Norfolk Street was but a little place, although, I make no doubt, very highly rented, as all houses are in that fashionable part.

In order that the reader of this record may the better understand what follows, it should here be stated that the house aforesaid consisted of a basement and four floors (including the attics) of two rooms each. In the basement were the kitchen and the usual offices, with a small pantry at the back. On the ground floor two dining-rooms, one quite small (over the pantry); on the first floor a drawing room and a small library; on the second floor his lordship's bedroom and dressing-room, and above, the servants' sleeping-rooms. Only three servants were kept, the cook, Alice Haynes, the housemaid, and Adolphe Robilliard, his lordship's valet. Two of these servants were well known to me; for sometimes Robilliard, a smart young Swiss, would come to

Staple Inn with messages, or business papers, and at others, if I were sent to Norfolk Street, Lord Arthur might be out and while waiting his return the housemaid or the valet would come and chat with me. The former, Alice Haynes, was a pale-faced girl with reddish hair and a rather singular expression, yet not uncomely. She was often laughing, and very merry in her ways.

Imagine, then, my bewilderment and horror when, as I approached the house that cheerful sunny morning, the door flew open and this Alice Haynes, ghastly to the lips, came rushing out as one demented, and uttering shriek on shriek. On the instant windows were raised and heads put out; people who were passing quietly along the street turned and stared, and some of them came hurrying



"UTTERING SHRIEK ON SHRIEK"

back, until there was a wondering group about the woman vainly questioning, and trying to quiet her. It made one's blood run cold to hear those awful screams and look upon her face! When, presently, she realised who I was, she seized me by the arm and dragged me towards the house. The cook and the valet had now come to the door and everyone was asking what had happened? But the girl had by this time in some measure recovered a sense of what was fitting, and turning her back on the people clustered round the steps, she only gasped in my ear, "Come and see! His lordship! Come and see!"

Now over this part of the case I cannot linger. The reader will have guessed, as I guessed then, with deepest dread, that the very worst had happened. For what could it mean but death?—suicide or a murderer's hand; death either way; And so it was. For when I and those who followed entered with faltering steps Lord Arthur's bed-chamber, the truth was plain. There lay his lordship, cold and still upon the bed, a great tranquillity upon his clear-cut face, and a dagger through his heart.

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All who read what I am writing here may rest assured that I can have no desire to mystify them needlessly. Such arts as those may be left to the clever writers of romances; but for myself I can claim no credit for imaginative writing. This is but a simple chronicle of facts, and of the strange way in which those facts were ultimately demonstrated. So at once it may be stated that any theory of suicide was quickly negatived. It is true that death had been dealt with deceased's own weapon, an oriental dagger, used as a paper knife, which had been between the leaves of a book by the bedside on that very night. But Lord Arthur Waltham was no self-murderer. The surgeons' examination and the investigations of the police, who were soon upon the scene, made that much manifest. No! his lordship had died by the hand of an assassin, slain in cold blood while he slept. The natural sleep from which he should have opened

his eyes on that bright day had been merged into the long, long sleep from which in this world there is no awaking. It was a cruel deed, and small wonder that, its victim being a man so highly placed, the news which spread like flame, stirred and horrified first London and then the provinces; until from royalty in its palace to the ragged urchins in the street there was but one topic, the crime and, man or woman, its unknown perpetrator.

Plainly it was wilful murder; that and nothing less. Of course, the officers of justice lost no time in minutely examining the house from top to bottom. In the drawing-room everything was in great confusion, and to some extent the dining room had been disturbed. A cloak which had been hanging in the hall was found rolled up and within it were his lordship's gold opera-glasses, a silver sugar dredger, a pair of spectacles, a caddy-spoon and a thimble belonging to the cook. Though the drawer of the writing-desk in the drawing-room was pulled open, nothing appeared to have been taken from it. But in the bedroom certain ivory rouleau boxes, usually employed to hold gold coins, and which in this instance from their size could have held about three hundred sovereigns, were found—empty! At the front of the house there was not the faintest indication of any one having forced an entry, but at the back, upon the pantry door were certain marks that suggested the possibility of some miscreant having there obtained access to the premises. Yet on the other hand the small back yard was so hemmed in by contiguous buildings with high walls that it seemed scarcely possible the murderer could have broken in that way, if he had broken in at all. It was, perhaps, a feasible theory that a house-breaker might have got into the house by the front way during the previous evening and concealed himself in the back yard until the household were asleep. But that was a notion scouted by the police. Too hastily, as some thought, they formed the belief that no practical house-breakers had been at work, that the signs of robbery were for the most part simulated signs, and that

Lord Arthur Waltham had been done to death by an inmate of his own establishment. The inference was terrible. For if the police were so far right it meant that the stain of blood-guiltiness was on at least one of the three who had eaten the bread and taken the wage of the murdered man.

From the first close observation was kept on Robilliard and the two women servants, and each of them was subjected to a series of rigorous questions on the part of the police. It was this system of inquisition which afterwards excited some indignation in the popular mind against the officers of justice, and there is no doubt that the extraordinary character of the crime and the rank of the deceased induced them to leave no stone unturned to find a tenant for the prisoner's dock.

Now the net result of all their investigations was very little. They searched the servants' boxes, but nothing incriminating was found ; they pulled up floors and hunted for stolen property ; they tore down wainscoting, but nothing was discovered. They did learn, however, from the late lord's bankers, that the rouleau boxes were likely to have contained a very considerable sum, and furthermore it was ascertained that at least one article of personal ornament was missing, to wit, a locket. It was well known, indeed, that my lord had always carried this locket about with him, and it was understood to contain a small quantity of the hair of his deceased lady, to whom he had been devotedly attached.

All this time the wildest rumours and surmises were on the wing. The majority argued that Robilliard must be the murderer ; others, however, held that Alice Haynes, if she chose to speak, could throw much light upon the dark affair ; not that she was believed to have committed with her own hand this awful crime, but that she was known to have an admirer of doubtful character, who sometimes had visited her surreptitiously in Norfolk Street. The cook, too, whose thimble was found in the bundle of articles ready for removal, was suspected by some of being a party to the crime, and at one period all three of them were actually placed under

arrest. It was found, however, that sufficient evidence was wanting, at any rate as yet, to bring home guilt to either of the women ; but the police, still at fault, were reluctant to let all their prisoners go, so Robilliard the valet was retained in custody, and in due course brought before the magistrates. Meantime an inquest had been held, and thereat the jury found a verdict of wilful murder against some unknown person. Then, at last, the mortal remains of Lord Arthur Waltham were laid to rest, amid much pomp and mourning, amongst the bones of his illustrious ancestors. It was after that that my firm came professionally into this complex case, for Lord Arthur's family were determined, if it were possible, that so dastardly a misdeed should not go unpunished, and naturally the prosecution was entrusted to Humphreys, Ward & Co. That, in the enforced absence of Mr. Humphreys, as already mentioned, meant that I, J. P. Henshaw, had to take the case in hand—marshal the facts and instruct counsel for the prosecution. I confess that the business caused me much misgiving, for it is not a pleasant thing to try and hang a man, particularly if in your own mind you are far from satisfied that his hand is really stained with blood. The police clung to their theory, but to me it seemed by no means certain that young Robilliard was the guilty man. Direct evidence there was none. The chain, if chain of proof there were, was purely circumstantial. Nay, more, it was mere inference. The opportunity to commit the crime had undoubtedly existed, but had it been seized by the prisoner ? What motive could he have had for such a deed, unless the motive of robbery ; and as to that, the police had wholly failed to trace one single article of stolen property, or any considerable amount of money to his possession.

Robilliard's own account suggested nothing that to my mind seemed unnatural. On the Friday evening before the murder his master had come home from Boodle's, his favourite club, at about his usual hour, eleven o'clock. He rang his bell, and the valet had taken hot water to the bedroom ; after that he himself went to bed and alleged that

he knew nothing of what happened in the night. The discovery of the murder was made by Alice Haynes. Now, Lord Arthur was not an early riser, and there could be no question that the servants took advantage of that fact to lie abed themselves. It was the girl Haynes' duty to awake the household, and it was she, in fact, who, on coming down late in the morning of the fatal day, discovered the disordered state of the apartments. In great excitement she then called to the cook and valet, both of whom came hurrying down from their respective rooms. It was the cook, it seems, who suggested that they ought to rouse his lordship, but it was Alice Haynes alone who went upstairs to do so, while the others made a further examination of the premises. The girl knocked at her master's door, and knocked again; at last she looked in, approached the bed, and made the terrible discovery. Instantly she ran screaming out of the room and down the stairs, and thence, still uttering the piercing shrieks of terror and hysteria, into the street itself. It was there I saw her, and of what immediately followed, I have already spoken.

Such was the servants' story. With the sanction of his lordship's family, a very large reward was offered for information leading to the discovery of the missing money and of any other property removed from the house in Norfolk Street. Of course it was patent that if the receiver of the stolen goods could be ascertained, the thief would probably be identified, and if the thief were found he would assuredly prove to be the murderer of Lord Arthur Waltham. Certain it was, however, that after the murder no inmate of the house could have disposed of stolen articles without the knowledge of the watchful constables. The advertised rewards induced no response whatever; meanwhile, however, Robilliard had been brought before the magistrate and several times remanded, but the evidence, though necessarily suspicious, was still so inconclusive that there was no small difficulty in getting him committed to take his trial at the Old Bailey. It should be understood, however, that a *prima facie* case is sufficient to justify

committal, and that it is always open to the prosecution to secure additional evidence and adduce it at the trial, provided the accused is duly notified of what such evidence is to be. In this case all the exertions of the police to secure further evidence were unavailing, and so it came about that ere the trial took place there was increased reaction in favour of Robilliard. More particularly was his cause espoused by the general body of foreign servants employed in London, who presently raised amongst themselves sufficient funds to brief a very able member of the Bar for the defence.

It was plain to see that Inspector Holt, who had charge of the case for the Commissioners of Police, was at his wits' end. At the Woolsack Tavern, not far from Staple Inn, he dined with me the day before the trial.

"Anything new?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"How will it end to-morrow, Holt?"

"Not guilty," he answered shortly.

"You think he is innocent?"

The inspector looked at me scornfully, for though good friends, we often differed. "You know it's not that, Henshaw," was his answer.

"You think him guilty, but you are not sure about our proving it, you mean?"

"Of course that is what I mean; but it is your business as much as mine to see it proved."

"Indeed it isn't," I retorted sharply; "I am not a constable, Inspector Holt."

"No, but your people are the lawyers for the prosecution. And shall I tell you what it is? There are some lawyers who always make the worst of the case they have in hand."

"And there are some police officers who would sooner hang an innocent man than hang nobody at all," I retorted, hotly.

"Come, Henshaw; that is rather strong," he said, quietly. And perhaps it was; so I cooled down and went on with my dinner.

"Pity you took to the law," remarked the inspector, presently.

At that I fired up again and asked him why?

"Too tender-hearted, Henshaw," was his answer.

"Look here, my friend," said I, "it's better to be too tender-hearted than too hard," and thumped the table to emphasise my words. "Now listen to me; you are no more cruel than I am, in spite of what I said just now. We've both seen a lot of the shady side of life. We know how weak men are, and how strong temptation is, and for that very reason you and I are not really so harsh

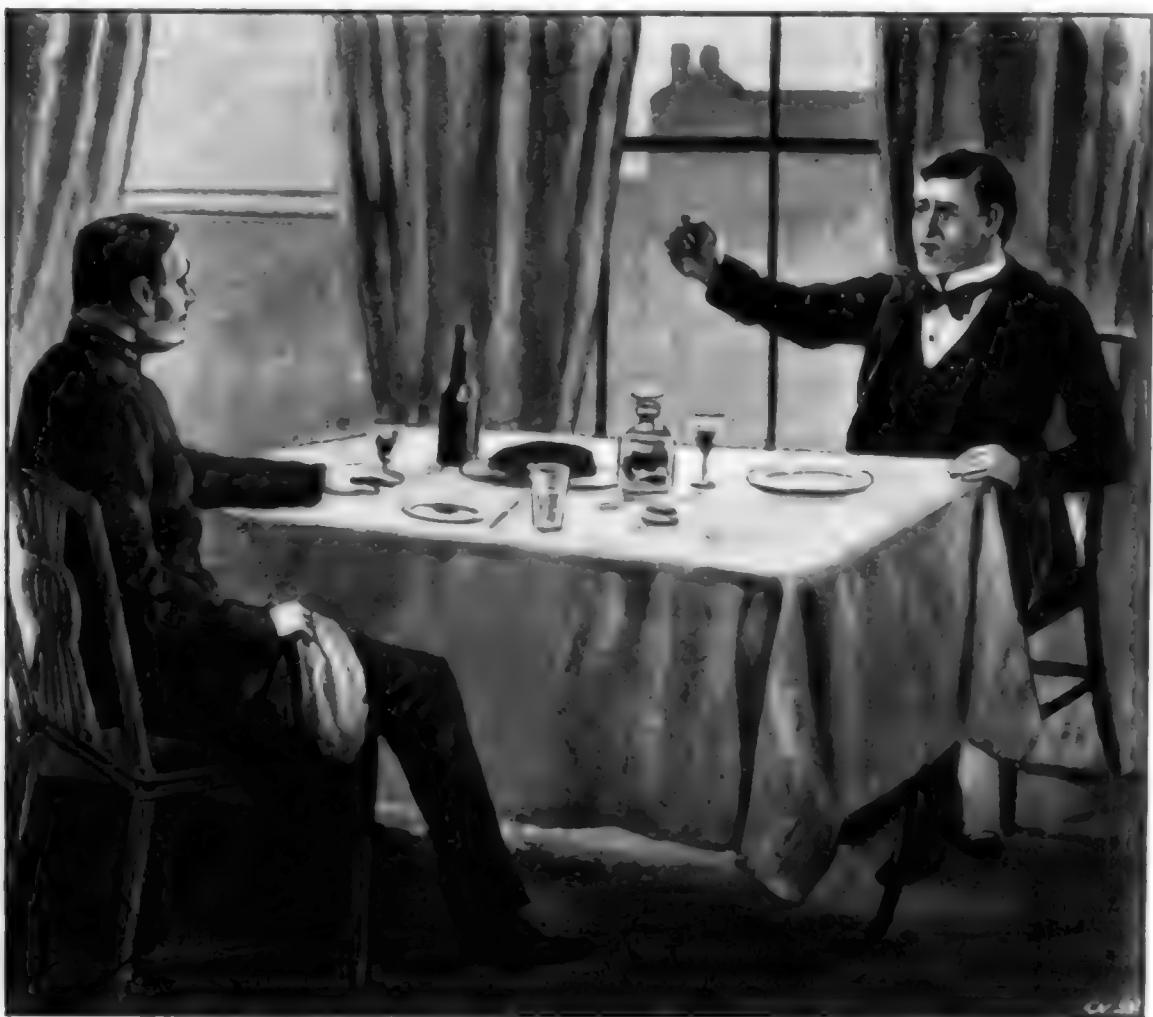
to decide. It would be a different thing if you had traced any of Lord Arthur's property to his possession."

"How can you trace sovereigns that are not marked?" asked Holt.

"That may be; but what about his lordship's locket?"

"Ah! if we could find that! But a locket isn't a big thing to stow away."

"Well," said I, rising, "thank God



"'NOW LISTEN TO ME; YOU ARE NO MORE CRUEL THAN I AM'"

in judgment as less experienced people seem to be."

"P'raps, so," was his answer, as he tilted up his glass.

"Only we're both of us obstinate and self-opinionated," I went on. "You've formed your theory about this case and you want to make it out. I don't feel so sure the valet is the man, but luckily it's for the jury

the business is nearly over;" and so we parted, to meet in court next morning.

The worry of the case had quite laid hold of me. In spite of Mr. Humphreys' absence and the need for attention to other pressing business which was not in Mr. Ward's depart-

ment, I had for weeks found it quite impossible to fix my mind on any matter not connected with the pending trial. That night the case haunted me even in my sleep. Sleep, do I say? Why! I scarcely slept at all, and when for three hours or so my eyes were closed, some phase of the grim affair was ever present to my restless brain. The spring sunshine, it seemed, once again lay over the town, and as I neared the house in Norfolk Street the white-faced woman, Alice Haynes, came shrieking down the steps. Robilliard and the cook peered from the open door, and men came rushing breathless down the street with eager questions on their lips. Then, once again, I was hurried up the stairs into the awful chamber, to see the sight that I had never ceased to see since that dreadful morning. And in my dream all this acquired an even more appalling character, for the inward sense of horror was intensified, and new and fantastic adjuncts of the crime, such as I dare not seek to chronicle, seemed to cluster round the victim's bed.

"Do, for goodness sake, wake up!" my good wife was saying when I came back suddenly from the world of phantoms. "Why, what are you dreaming of? You make my blood run cold!"

"I've made my own run cold," I cried, with a shudder. "As late as that?" and in a moment I was out of bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not without much ado that, with my bag of papers, I forced my way into the crowded court. A trial, that it had been thought to finish on the previous day, was still proceeding. But it was clear that all the interest centred in the prosecution of the supposed murderer of Lord Arthur Waltham. It was astonishing, indeed, and almost terrible to see the eagerness of those who had thronged hither to witness the last scene—or possibly the last but one—in this most tragic story. Peers and ladies of fashion, ambassadors and members of Parliament; high officers of State, and even a royal duke had assembled in the stifling court; and, in-

credible though it may seem, to accommodate some of these, chairs had been placed at each end of the prisoners' dock itself. Nowhere was there an inch of standing room or sitting room to spare. So impatient were the spectators that a hum of conversation went on while the case first before the court was being completed, and it was with a sense of relief and utter indifference to the first prisoner's fate that they heard him sentenced to life-long banishment across the seas, for in those days transportation was the common punishment for many crimes. When at last Robilliard took his place amid this sea of faces, all expectant, his face was the calmest of them all. He seemed as he stood there but a lad, comely and pleasant looking, and in his dress extremely neat and trim. I confess a pang went through me as I looked at him, to think that with all his youth and innocent appearance this young man stood so near to the very jaws of death.

It would be to no purpose if I lingered over the formalities of the proceedings. The prisoner, though an alien, far from his own country and his own people, elected to be tried by a jury of twelve Englishmen, and his plea of "Not guilty" was duly entered. The case was stated by our leading counsel, Sergeant West; and, briefly, the theory he presented to the jury was—that the prisoner and none other was Lord Arthur's murderer; that some time before the crime he had stolen money from the ivory rouleau boxes; that his master, making the discovery, must have taxed him with the theft before he went to rest that fatal night, and that Robilliard, foreseeing dismissal and disgrace, and probably imprisonment upon the morrow, had ruthlessly killed Lord Arthur in his sleep; thereby hoping that the more awful crime would shield him from the consequences of the lesser. All the appearances of robbery in the rooms below, the marks upon the pantry door, and so forth the learned advocate described as the prisoner's device to divert suspicion from himself.

But when it came to the evidence intended to support the above theory, counsel for the prisoner at the bar, with no little skill, began to suggest a different



"I TURNED AND LOOKED AT HER AGHAST!"

complexion for the case. His cross-examination of the female servants suggested that they or one of them, or at least some one known to them, might just as easily have been the culprit. While as to the police, he attacked their conduct vehemently, implying by his questions that their zeal for a conviction had outrun their sense of fairness; that they had in some respects inspired the servants' evidence, and gone very near to fabricating what they thought was needful for a successful prosecution. Thus the war of advocates brought excitement to a pitch by the time the dinner hour was reached, and

then for a brief interval the court adjourned.

As I hurried out a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a woman, speaking with a foreign accent, whispered something in my ear. What she said was so unexpected and so startling that I turned and looked at her, aghast! A little distance off Inspector Holt, a black look on his face, was elbowing through the crowd. My first impulse was to summon him, but on second thoughts I kept the matter to myself. In a few minutes I, and the woman close upon my heels, had pushed through the jabbering throng into the street, and

ere scarce another word had been exchanged we were in a cab, and driving furiously towards Leicester Square.

I shouted questions at my companion as we rattled through the noisy streets, and she answered in shrill tones with here and there a word of French, which I failed utterly to understand. Presently the cab drew up at a dingy French hotel. We entered, and the woman, Madame Bellart, led the way to a little parlour at the back. The manager was called, a dapper foreigner extremely voluble, and he, by Madame's desire, took out of a cupboard a heavy parcel, wrapped in brown paper and firmly held with string. The woman was about to cut the string, but I swiftly stayed her hand.

"You are sure that Robilliard is the man who brought this parcel?" I asked her, searchingly. Yes, indeed, she was quite sure. Had she not seen him but now standing in the dock, and so on, and so on; pouring out torrents of words which it was difficult to check.

"Bring the parcel just as it is!" I said; and within five minutes we, and the manager with us, were in the cab again, tearing back to the Old Bailey. Arrived there, I sent in a note to Sergeant West, and leaving his junior in charge of the case he came out to us immediately. He heard our hurried story, tested the woman's statement with a few short questions, held the parcel in his hands thoughtfully, then handed it back to Madame Bellart.

"Very strange!" he said, turning to me. "This will settle it, Henshaw." Then (to all three of us), "We had better go into court at once." The police wedged back the crowd and we passed through. All eyes were turned upon us as we entered. A police officer had just stepped from the witness-box, and Sergeant West immediately interposed.

"My lord," he said, "while the court has been sitting a very curious discovery has been made!" Then, amid breathless silence, he narrated what I have just set down, and called Madame Bellart into the witness-box. She placed the parcel in front of her upon the ledge, and as she did so I turned my face towards the dock. The

prisoner's eyes were fixed upon the parcel. An awful change had come upon him. His body was now somewhat bent; his arms hung loosely down; the eyes were sunk and glassy, and his jaw fell slightly as he stared; presently the mouth became compressed, the nose grew pinched and drawn, and the shoulders and chest were raised, as if in effort to repress some violent emotion. After that, the acuteness of mental agony seemed to pass, and he stood as one lost in a lethargic stupor.

This was the evidence of Madame Bellart: She knew the prisoner, but only by the name of Jean. Two years ago he had been employed as a waiter at the hotel in Leicester Square for a month or two. He left and she had lost sight of him until one Sunday late in April, when he had called and chatted for a few minutes, saying he would soon be looking out for another situation. A few days afterwards he called again with a parcel in his hand and asked if he might leave it in her keeping for a week. She consented willingly and he left with her the parcel now produced. She had heard of the murder of Lord Arthur Waltham, but only knowing the prisoner as Jean, very commonly the name by which foreign waiters were called, she had not imagined that the young man whose parcel she had in keeping had any connection with the crime. The police had never made any enquiries at her house (I looked at Holt—Holt looked at me). It was only in consequence of a paragraph in a French paper received that morning which spoke of the supposed murderer having formerly been a waiter at a house in Leicester Square, that it had occurred to her that perhaps the parcel ought to be examined. Thereupon she had come to Court, identified the prisoner and made a communication to the prosecuting solicitors. There was a pause. Once more I glanced towards the prisoner. He had the same lost look. And it came home to me that though I, John Phineas Henshaw, had but done my duty, it was my hand, not Holt's, that was tightening the noose around his throat. And yet there

might be nothing incriminating in the parcel after all. Judge of me as you will, even at that moment I almost prayed that so the fact might be. And yet—that look upon the prisoner's face!

"Open the parcel," said the Judge.

Madame Bellart, with many little exclamations, fumbled at the string, then a policeman standing by the witness-box helped her. Judge, counsel, jurymen, all were silent; but men and women leaned forward, or half rose, and gasps seemed to be coming from the throats of many. A woman, wrought to the utmost excitement, sobbed.

"Silence!" cried the usher. Then the policeman spoke. "Some servant's clothing in the parcel, my lord." People looked into each other's faces, then after a pause, "And this heavy package in the middle of it, bound up with tow or yarn."

"Open it," said the Judge in clear firm tones.

"Gold coins, my lord—sovereigns," said the officer, and he pulled a few from the slit corner of the package, and held them forward on his open palm.

"Will the prosecution profess to identify these coins," exclaimed the prisoner's counsel, whose face was white as death.

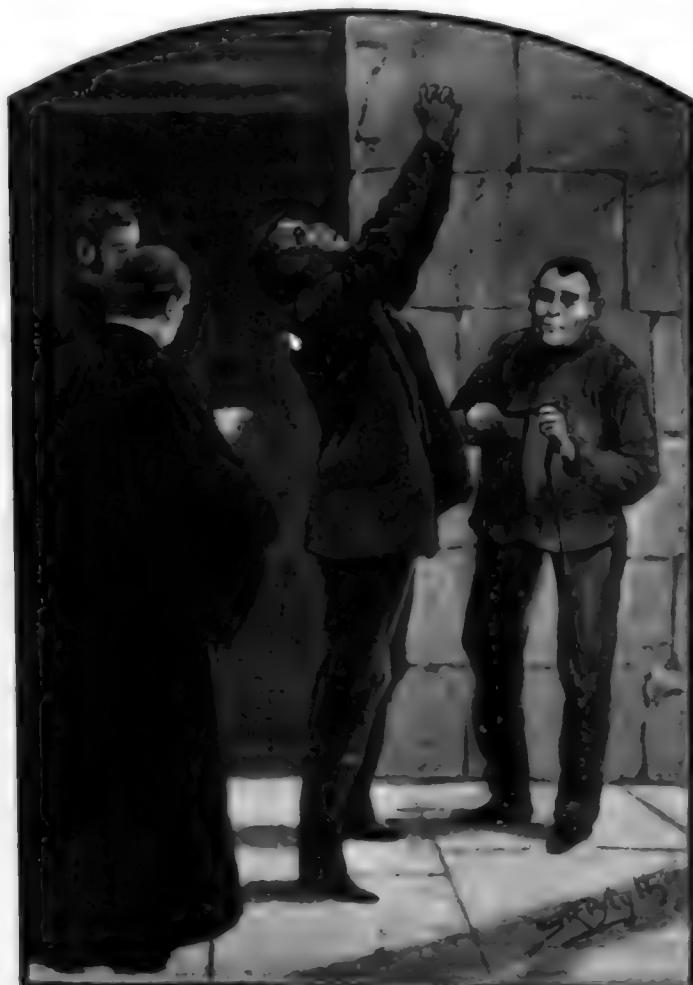
"Wait," said the Judge. Then to the constable—

"Examine the clothing now."

"Not Lord Arthur's clothing obviously," put in the advocate as some of the articles were unfolded.

"Wait, sir," repeated the Judge in sterner tones, "the jury will hear you presently."

"Nothing in these pockets, your lordship," said the constable in a



"RAISED HIS CLASPED HANDS AS IF IN FERVENT PRAYER"

moment. He took up a waistcoat next. "But there seems to be something here!" He drew from the right hand pocket a hard bright object and held it up before the Court.

"What is that?" inquired his lordship, whose sight was failing.

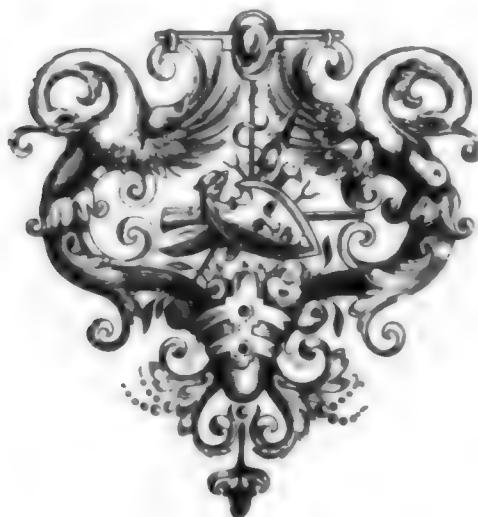
"A gold locket, my lord!"

"Hand it to the bench," said Sergeant West, his face set firm, and as he passed it up himself he looked closely at the shining fatal thing. Then added quietly, "Your lordship will see Lord Arthur's monogram upon this locket."

\* \* \* \* \*

I, who write these lines, once saw the gallows do its dreadful work, but I was not one of the vast multitude that waited for the warning sound of the prison-bell and watched for Robilliard to come forth from the shadow of the debtors' door and mount the scaffold. Some of this great throng had stood in

the open air all night, so the public journals told us, in order that their morbid curiosity might not be baulked; and it was stated also that above the swaying mass, at every window and on every roof within view of the prison were men and women with faces turned towards the gallows. It was said that, standing for a moment after the executioner had drawn the cap over his face and the noose had been adjusted, Robilliard lifted up his head towards the sky above and raised his clasped hands as if in fervent prayer. Right thankful am I that I was not there to see that final scene. It is enough to remember that in that strange case I myself in some measure helped to bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and humbly did I echo the Judge's solemn prayer (to a yet higher Judge) for mercy on the murderer's guilty soul.



# *Sheep-dog Trials, and How They are Conducted*

BY ANGLO-MANXMAN. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



**S**INCE the introduction of Sheep-dog Trials in Wales and England, this highly interesting and instructive sport is becoming yearly more popular. The principal meeting is at Llangollen, of which Her Majesty the Queen is gracious patroness, and who expressed great gratification with the work performed, and complimented the shepherds on the possession of such sagacious collies, on her visit there in 1889. Another most popular meet is Parkgate; Wirral, promoted by Mr. Philip Soorn, a well-known exhibitor and breeder of collies, and who also introduced a collie show with the trials, which is visited yearly by thousands of the British public anxious to observe the wonderful sagacity and intelligence of this most popular breed of dogs—rightly designated the king of the canine race.

On a fine day it would indeed be difficult to find a more interesting sight than the highly trained shepherd's dog, or collie, working the little flock of three of the wildest sheep over the course in a most wonderful manner. The friendliness and jovial good humour of the owners of dogs towards each other is a marked contrast to the jealousies so often present at sporting meetings; added to which the fresh air, healthy surroundings, and gay throngs, add to make a thorough day's enjoyment.

It has been argued by many that the present type of show collie is unfitted for work, but anyone who has seen the well-known Ormskirk Charlie, a son of the famous collie Christopher, who

sold for £1,000, working, would readily be convinced of the error entertained on this point. This dog, a winner at almost every trial, is indeed a marvel, and displays such wonderful intelligence that is almost human; his owner has also many other high-bred dogs exceedingly clever at trials.

The arrangements for a trial are very simple, and the cost is not very great. In open classes there are generally five prizes, the first being about £10 down to £1. The trials are usually held on a hillside or large field, extending in one direction about three-quarters of a mile by about half a mile in breadth. The dogs drive the sheep about 1,200 yards. The sheep are the wildest that can be got, usually the small Welsh breed or black or grey-faced Scotch sheep. Each dog has to drive three different sheep, two being from one farm or flock, and the third from another; the same three are never worked twice. This makes the task all the more difficult, the sheep not knowing each other, and when one breaks away it requires considerable skill to get it to its companions again. The course indicated below will better explain.

The shepherd or person working the dog stands at the post (A), from which he is not allowed to move more than six yards; at a given signal three sheep are liberated from the pen (B); the shepherd then sends his dog to the sheep, which are to be driven in the direction indicated by the arrows and between the hurdles; if any of the sheep go outside the hurdles the dog must bring them back and take them the proper course, to the triangular pen of three hurdles



CHAMPION ORMSKIRK CHARLIE. THE BEST HIGH-BRED WORKING COLLIE LIVING  
*From Photo by USHERWOOD & Co., Nottingham.*

(C), which has an opening of twenty-two inches, or just wide enough to allow one sheep to enter at a time ; he has then to pen them ; the time allowed being thirteen minutes from the time the three sheep are first liberated. The worker of the dog is allowed to assist, without, however, touching the sheep when the dog has brought them up to the pen (C). The shepherd works the dog almost entirely by whistling or motions ; often the sheep separate at the commencement, the dog has then to collect them together and start with his charge at the proper place. Another difficulty often arises, when one of the three sheep will not move as fast as the others, and perhaps if hard pushed will give up and lie down, in which case it is almost impossible for the dog to make it rise ; and if a dog bites or injures a sheep he is disqualified. The competitor may be successful in driving his three sheep up to the pen at the end of the trial ; he has then a most difficult task, and the utmost patience and skill is then required, as only one sheep can enter at a time ; the other two will often go each

side the pen. It is then the dog's sagacity is shown ; he will crawl on his belly like a cat, and quietly drive them inch by inch until he gets them in the opening and the three jostled into the pen.

We will visit the trials now, and just as we arrive No. 7 is called, Mr. Barcroft's "Bob." The sturdy Lancashire farmer, who spends most of his time with his sheep on Scout Moor, takes his place at the post, removes his coat and awaits the signal ; up goes the white flag, and immediately three sheep are liberated a quarter of a mile away. "Bob," a white and black old English bobtail, pricks his ears and awaits his orders. "Getaway, boy !" Off he rushes, and soon finds his sheep, who look wildly round, giving one the impression they would rush off in different directions. Bob steadies down, looks around for orders ; a slow prolonged whistle, and on he goes ; the wether sheep stamps his foot and the ewes press closer to him ; as the dog comes up they try to separate, but Bob is too quick, and is at their side in an instant ; getting them together again, he looks round to see

his master waving his arms ; off he goes again, driving his little flock through the first hurdles ; here he has to drive them through a gap over a wide dry ditch or watercourse. A sharp whistle and Bob keeps at his task until they are through, when unexpectedly one bolts right into the ditch, from whence it refuses to budge ; a hand up and a whistle, and Bob drops like a stone. The other two sheep suddenly stop, look round, and quietly start grazing. A prolonged whistle and Bob quietly crawls on his belly until he gets on the brink of the ditch facing the sheep, who, alarmed by his sudden appearance, jumps up and joins its companions. A loud cheer from the spectators shows their appreciation of this excellent piece of work. Again the sheep are got together, and brought through the second hurdles. Bob now hurries them on, but as he comes to the next obstacle off rushes one of the sheep outside the hurdle. That whistle again, and Bob drops as though shot ; two shrill whistles, and he is up again making a wide circuit to head the stray one, and soon brings him back and

through the hurdles, where he sees his two companions ; on they come by signal and whistle, the remainder of the course is successfully accomplished, and the turn is made for the final pen ; a cheery "Fetch 'em up !" causes him to hurry, and as soon as they pass the shepherd he moves from his post, and is now at liberty to help the dog. Jonathan knows his work—picks up his coat and stick and places them on one side of the triangular pen and stands the other : Bob has to bring the sheep between the two, a seemingly easy task. The sheep still have a wild look, and despite Jonathan rush wildly past him. Bob at a signal lies crouched upon the grass, giving the trio a moment to settle down, when, up again, he is soon behind them, bringing them up to the entrance of the pen ; one enters, when a cheer from the spectators startle them, and off the remaining two go again, running round the pen, eventually the one inside dashing out and joining them. Gradually Bob collects them and brings his charges up again, when they do another circus performance around the



R. G. PIGGIN AND ORMSKIRK CHARLIE PENNING SHEEP

hurdles. Bob at last gets them together opposite the entrance, and drops on his belly three or four yards away. "Shoo, shoo!" says Jonathan, and Bob crawls like a cat foot by foot towards them; gently they move, step by step, until one enters the pen; three feet more and Bob jostles the other two into the pen, and is on his feet in a moment to prevent their exit. Jonathan waves his hat, and a prolonged cheer from the crowd testifies their appreciation of the clever work. So concludes the trial, the clever Lancashire dog has won in nine and a half minutes and is awarded first prize.

Such is a description of an ordinary trial. Although the time allowed each dog is thirteen minutes, the shortest time in which the sheep is penned is not a criterion of the best work; the time occupied in collecting his sheep, keeping them together, and bringing them through the obstacles all have to count; and where a dog bites his sheep or barks to any extent he may be disqualified at once.

Another innovation has lately been introduced at some trials. The shepherd marks three sheep, which are driven among a flock of about a hundred or more, the dog has then to find the marked sheep and bring them from among the others, which he does, show-

ing wonderful sagacity and intelligence in doing so.

In training collies, the young dogs are generally taught by accompanying old dogs. Months of patient toil is required to fit them to compete at trials successfully; young dogs are very wild and apt to overrun the sheep, in which case the shepherd often has to devise a means to hold him in check, which he does by tying up one of his front paws with his pockethandkerchief around the dog's neck, thus leaving the dog only three legs to run on, and it is surprising how soon the dog understands its meaning.

A well-trained collie is invaluable to a farmer or flockmaster, doing the work which would require several extra men to do, and in mountain districts it would almost be impossible to do without him. At a signal from the shepherd this sagacious animal, replete with energy, vigilance and activity, will collect his flock of hundreds and bring them to any place required of him. Inured to all weather, fatigue, and hunger, he may be truly emblematical of content; and the fortunate owner of such an animal possesses the most faithful companion in existence. As Byron says—

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.



GROUP OF WORKING COLLIES

# *Extraordinary Life Transformations*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FROM NATURE BY JAMES SCOTT



THE smaller kinds of living creatures are generally referred to in an ignominious way as the "lower" animals. This disparaging term is not really deserved by them, for even so far as their habits and intelligence are concerned they display quite as much anxiety and ingenuity in their life-work, from their own point of view, as we do in ours. I have no doubt that if some tremendous class of animals existed, of which an individual were to a man, in size, as a man is to a bee, we should be regarded by them as merely insects of a larger growth than the flies and beetles of our acquaintance. Our vaunted science, art, and literature would, of course, not be the means of earning for us an appreciation from them of our merits as we understand those qualities. We might perhaps be looked upon by such giants as equivalent, intellectually, to ants as viewed by painstaking observers like Sir John Lubbock.

The more energetically a student dives into the dark corners of insect life (to mention the smallest kind) the more convinced does he become that they live in a world that presents to them a totally different sphere to that which we see. That they are provided with senses the true nature of which we cannot conceive is a fact well established among scientists. I will quote one very well known instance of their strange powers. If a reader were to carry through the country, on a summer's day, a virgin female Oak-egger moth in a box, dozens of male moths would arrive and hover around the prison of

the maiden. It has been computed that by the employment of some communicatory sense, the males have often fled from a distance of several miles, thus discovering a probable spouse in a way unfathomable by us.

I have been referring to the intellectual aspect of small life; but in this article I propose to attend chiefly to the description of phases in the formation and bodily growth of the usually despised dwarfs. It is really remarkable that the metamorphoses undergone by creatures of a small size have no analogies in the life-histories of larger animals. These astounding transformations are usual in connection with true insects, and also with some other forms of life.

In reviewing a few of the commoner facts of the kind mentioned—common, yet little-known—I will begin with the one which I think is most established in popular knowledge—to wit the Frog.

Masses of glassy-looking transparent jelly, in which are embedded hundreds of black dots resembling pills, may often be seen floating on the surface of a wayside pond, or a stagnant pool. This is the "spawn"—really the eggs—of the common Frog. That produced by the Toad differs from it by being composed of tremendously long, bundled-up, ropes of transparent jelly containing the germs.

Under favourable conditions each of the black "pills" resolves itself into a minute living ball, provided with a curious tail, the whole article resembling a muddy comet. The bit of life gradually extricates itself from the jelly, and darts about the water with astonishing



MATURE FROG : TADPOLES IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT

agility. When it has grown sufficiently to be well-observed with the unassisted vision, it will be seen to possess two goggle eyes, a tiny mouth, and scarcely revealed gills. A representation of the weird creature is given in the left-hand portion of the illustration portraying frog transformation.

In course of time two skinny legs slowly protrude through the back portion of the body, and one can see, in a good light, faint indications of the front legs beneath a piece of transparent skin; but they do not burst forth until the formation and protrusion of the hinder limbs are practically completed.

When the period is reached at which the curious thing owns four fully developed legs, a strange alteration in its general appearance has been taking place. It is popularly supposed that a tadpole's tail falls bodily off at an appointed time. This is quite a fallacy. The truth is that it slowly decays, or becomes absorbed into the body. Its various appearances until final annihilation can be seen in the illustration. The poor tadpole presents a dilapidated spectacle during this transformation, but eventually it becomes completely evolved into a nimble frog, which could squat on a sixpence without encroaching

beyond the silver frontiers. From this moment it continues to grow, and look sedate meanwhile, in the familiar form.

I was under the impression that everybody was acquainted with the transformation scenes which ensue in the life of a butterfly or moth. Recently, however, I encountered a gentleman who was born and spent his youth in the country, who stolidly refused to believe that a caterpillar became transformed into a butterfly; so, on the chance of these notes announcing fresh knowledge concerning our pretty "flutter-bys" to some readers, I include among the illustrations one depicting the transformation under attention. The example chosen is one of the ordinary green caterpillars found in large numbers on cabbages. It issues

as an exceedingly tiny grub from an exquisitely shaped egg. Its whole life is spent in eating—eating—eating. It has tremendously strong jaws, the action of which may be appropriately compared with that of the pointed half of a pair of scissors held flat. In the course of its life it grows, incredible as the fact may seem, to a size dozens of times in excess of its original bulk. Should it meet none of the innumerable fatal dangers to which it is exposed, albeit nature has protected it by the gift of a green colour—a colour coinciding with the food on which it travels—it will eventually prepare for its forthcoming transition. Some caterpillars envelop themselves in a silken cocoon; others suspend themselves from branches of trees; many conceal themselves in holes in the earth; but all change into either a butterfly, moth, or beetle. The difference does not take place suddenly. Nature has an enormous amount of "artistic" labour to expend before the finished beautiful production can soar over the scented meadows in the cheering sunshine.

After the caterpillar has lain motionless for a few hours, it so alters in appearance that it becomes a conspicuously different thing. The body

shrinks and hardens, and the colour darkens. Presently it resembles the object shown in the bottom right hand corner of the illustration containing the butterfly.

Several weeks elapse, during which the object (or chrysalis) is practically a mummy. It has now no power of locomotion. In fact, it cannot move at all except to occasionally jerk its tail end spasmodically if it be touched. The pattern borne upon its outside reveals in some measure the shape of the forthcoming wings, which, in addition to the other finery, are evolved from the stored-up matter in the original caterpillar's interior.

A day arrives when from that peculiar and motionless thing there emerges a butterfly, whose wings are rolled up in an exceedingly remarkable manner, and require to be carefully manipulated by the insect before they can be applied to their destined purpose. These wings are covered on both sides with thousands of minute feathers, of various colours, which collectively compose the pretty variegated patterns often borne by these delightful creatures. These feathers adhere to one's finger-tips as mere dust after a butterfly has been handled.

An empty shell, really the altered skin of the original caterpillar, remains, unheeded by the departing creature.

It may be mentioned that whereas the caterpillar *eats* food by *biting*, the butterfly *sucks* nectar by means

of an exceedingly long and slender trunk.

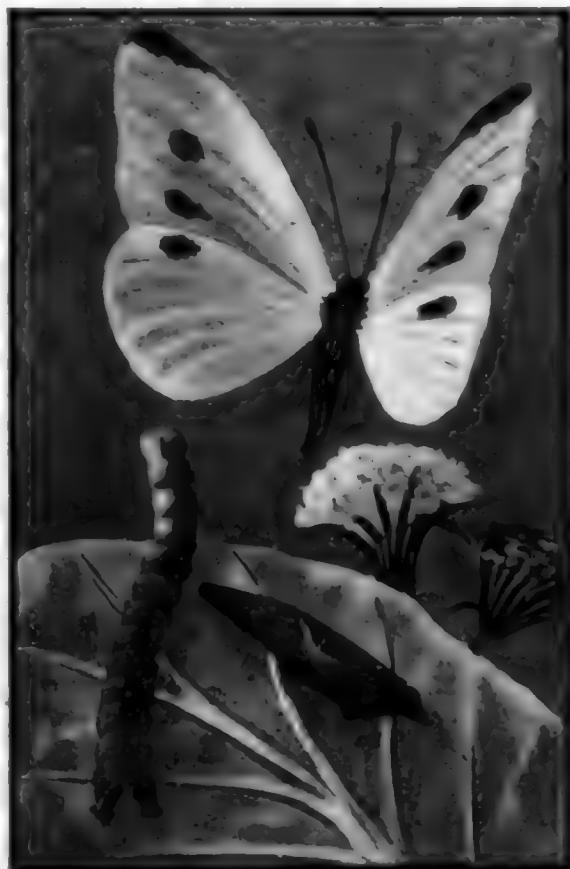
Whether the butterfly has any memory of its former existence in the caterpillar state is a matter which will never, of course, be interpreted to us. If it can recall that it was once a mere worm, so to speak, the experience must be a strange one. On the other hand, if there be no memory, then we have before us the astounding fact, however familiar it may be, that one living thing has two distinct lives—is in reality, two living things.

This metamorphosis has been used to illustrate the state of a human being; and, indeed, the comparison is remarkable. It has been suggested that the caterpillar represents man; the chrysalis is equivalent to the corpse remaining after one life has left it; whilst the butterfly may be regarded as pointing to the angelic life hereafter.

I will pass on now to a phase of life transformation which I do not suppose is known to more than one person in a thousand. The quaint crab is the subject this

time. How many people, I wonder, know that when a crab is born it is furnished with a very long tail? Yet such is the fact.

It is, at birth, about as large—or small, I should more appropriately say—as a grain of sand, and needs magnifying before its true form and peculiarities can be ascertained. In the illustration two very young ones are shown in the left-hand upper corner. As will be



COMMON YELLOW BUTTERFLY, WITH CATERPILLAR,  
AND CATERPILLAR MUMMY THAT BECOMES  
A PERFECT INSECT

seen, they are provided with two disproportionately large side eyes, whereas the mature crab's eyes are fixed on the front edge of its shell. But the tail is the attractive curiosity. The queer little bit of life continues to alter its shape, and when it reaches an eighth-of-an-inch in size (or thereabouts) its form coincides with either of the two objects in the right-hand upper portion of the picture. During this eccentric period the young crab has the power of swimming through the sea. Prior to the early years of this century it was considered by naturalists to be an entirely different and distinct creature. They never dreamt that it was the young larva of the boisterous and angry crab, whose name is applied, as "crabbed," to describe an intolerant and hasty condition in a man.

A crab in a mature form is shown as partly occupying a cockle-shell. In order that a proper idea of the form of the strange little objects could be conveyed to the reader, it was necessary to draw them not too small. As it is, they are somewhat larger in the illustration than they would appear were they exactly over the mature crab, which, of course, eventually grows to a larger size.

Under the circumstances, it must be supposed that the newly-hatched crab

larva is considerably in the foreground, i.e., nearer to the reader's eyes than the mature crab. The creature in its second tailed condition is intended to be at a distance behind those newly-hatched, and yet still in front of the perfect animal. They have a habit of turning somersaults, as though darting after the tips of their tails, somewhat similarly to the practice, often indulged in, of a dog or cat chasing its caudal adornment and never catching up with it.

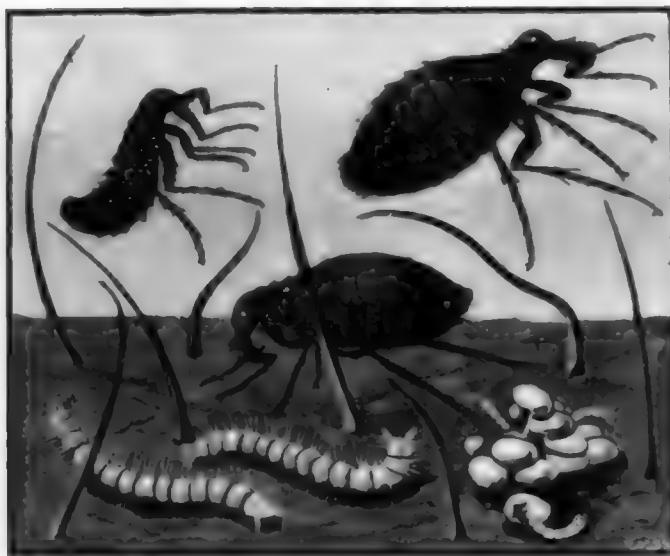
Even the much-reviled house flea furnishes a queer transformation scene, of which few people, except entomologists, are aware.

The mother flea lays six or eight eggs in a batch at frequent intervals. These eggs are very large in proportion to the lively insects, as may be gathered from the illustration, where they have been drawn accurately from life. It is a strange sight to see these eggs *within* a living flea's body, when it is secured to the proper apparatus and greatly magnified. The vibrations of the blood-red internal mechanism of the creature are also apparent at such times through its transparent brown shell.

In passing, it may be mentioned that the male flea is a very small being as compared with its wife. The small



SMALL SHORE CRAB, AND THE SAME KIND OF CREATURE WHEN VERY YOUNG, SWIMMING, FURNISHED WITH LONG TAILS



MALE AND FEMALE FLEAS: BATCH OF EGGS AND GRUBS WHICH EVENTUALLY TURN INTO THE PERFECT INSECT

jumper in the illustration depicts a male, whilst the larger ones represent females. There is a difference in shape between them, as well as a disparity in size.

From a flea's egg emerges a white grub which, to the naked eye, is but an almost invisible speck. Its body is divided into segments, like that of a caterpillar—in point of fact, its shape is analogous, except for the absence of legs.

There is evidence in the construction of a flea that nature was intending that it should be a fly. It has the rudiments of a pair of wings, as any microscopist will tell you. The flea-grubs do not live on blood. If they did, we might exterminate them quickly, and rid ourselves of a state of things which often threatens to become an intolerable plague. Cleanly people hunt the flea, and wonder why successive generations continue to appear. If these people would only search beneath the seams of clothing and in the nicks of any used fabric, they would discover the minute white specks of eggs and the twirling white grubs, only just visible. Destroy these, and the detested, and generally little-spoken-of pests (they are *not* the result of uncleanliness) would soon vanish.

The grub, after many days, shrivels

up and turns brown in colour. It is credited with concealing itself in a silken cocoon, but my own observations made with the microscope, show that it is an equally common occurrence for them to pass through their transformation in a nude state, merely hanging on to spaces between the threads of the fabric on which they have lived. Eventually the brown object develops into the perfect insect, whose precise shapes are given in the illustration.

In the drawing the sportive fleas and their offspring are shown playing in the pastures of a human hand. The "trees" are hairs, magnified, insufficiently however, to show their cellular structure.

We Britishers are not so boastful of our fauna as we might be. We praise foreign beetles for their beauty of form and brilliancy of colour, yet we have some magnificent beetles in our own foliage and waters. The largest kind in this country is the one I have chosen for illustration. It is of a tremendous size,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches from tip to tip of its outspread wings. These are the dimensions of my living specimens. This handsome brown—nearly black—beetle is comparatively common in the country.

The female deposits her large number of eggs in a papery-looking retort-shaped nest, and from each of these hatches

out a curious grub, whose shape when fully grown is shown in the illustration. This creeping creature undergoes a change similar to that of the butterfly caterpillar hitherto mentioned before it becomes finally transformed into the large beetle.

As it is a rare sight to see a beetle flying (which they frequently do) I give an accurate portrayal of one in flight. The horny wing-covers are held erect, points outwards, so that the shapely gauzy wings may have perfect and uninterrupted freedom of motion. These wings are usually folded and tucked away beneath the covers, where they are protected from being damaged by the water during swimming, on account

of the peculiar formation of the hard shell.

It is interesting to note that air is as important an element to these beetles and their grubs as it is to us. In order to obtain a proper supply of it, they protrude their hind-end quarters just above the surface of the water, and imbibe air through specially constructed apparatus, which conveys the necessary stimulant to all parts of their bodies.

All true insects undergo similar transformations to those enumerated. Such creatures as black-beetles, spiders, crickets, and a few other kinds are not recognised as insects by scientists. Their life-histories are quite different from those mentioned.



GIANT ENGLISH WATER BEETLES SWIMMING AND IN FLIGHT.  
ALSO CATERPILLAR WHICH BECOMES TRANSFORMED  
INTO A BEETLE.

# *The Australians' Visit to England*

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY      ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



VERY little while, and we shall eagerly be following the performances of the Australian cricketers in this country. Their tenth team to visit England set sail in the R.M.S. Ormuz from Sydney on March 15th, and from Adelaide on March 23rd. In the meanwhile, pending their arrival, and the commencement of the season, some interest may be aroused by regarding the constitution of the team they are bringing over. A mere glance at the names of its members should be sufficient to convince lovers of the game that there is a good time coming, and it is very doubtful whether the Colonials have ever been represented by a stronger or more beautifully balanced team. However, it is quite possible that a mistake has been made in leaving out McKibbin, whose destructive "slows" are likely to be missed.

I believe it to be generally admitted, that the Australians mainly owed their striking successes over Stoddart's team to the possession of a more versatile attack. Their men bowled with their heads, whilst our professionals often sacrificed skill and science to a good length. And were further testimony wanting to drive home these conclusions, it need only be added that, although the scoring of the Australian batsmen against Stoddart's team ran extraordinarily high, in the inter-colonial matches of that season, the run-getting fell comparatively low. Unusual interest will therefore be centred, this coming campaign, in the deliveries of Jones, Trumble, Noble, McLeod, and Howell, who, according to all reports may be depended upon to render a good account of themselves.

As to the batting capabilities of the side, it seems to me that, when the visitors put their full strength into the field, they will only lack a fearless hitter of the type of Massie or the late Percy McDonnell, an omission which might prove serious, were a wet season our portion. In the colonies, where the big matches are fought out to a definite issue, there are no bugbears in the shape of draws, consequently batsmen take fewer liberties. Habit is no doubt a hard taskmaster, but no one need remain its slave for ever and a day, and the forthcoming tour is likely to furnish abundant evidence that Darling, Hill and Iredale can adapt their play to the requirements of three-day matches. That five test matches have been arranged this tour is a matter for congratulation in both countries.

And now just a few comments on the relative merits of the members of the team, our review being conducted alphabetically. It will then only remain to be seen whether they fulfil expectations.

Darling and Hill, the finest batsmen in Australia, are also probably the two greatest left-hand batsmen the world has ever produced. There the similarity between the pair ends, if we except the fact that both men hail from South Australia, and have long enough ago shown a singular penchant for English bowling. Unlike Hill, Joe Darling's specialities are more particularly the dashing off-drive, and the coy cut, and the South Australian can make the ball fairly hum, when you catch him in the mood. Stonewalling or downright hard hitting come equally naturally to him, whilst he possesses wonderful resource and iron nerves, and is just the man

ep into a breach and save a situation. Confidence and determination are invaluable attributes, and Darling has got em in a remarkable degree. In his first innings against English bowling, he attributed 117, and since then he has rung up many a great innings against

S. E. Gregory, the midget of the team, is from a celebrated cricketing family. The little man is unquestionably the best cover-point in the colonies, and it

possesses every stroke under the sun, always excepting sun-stroke. Paradoxical? Looking over Syd's five feet three of humanity, it seems almost incredible that he can throw a cricket-ball a distance of nearly 120 yards.

Clem Hill must be numbered amongst the wonders of the cricketing world. The youngest Australian player who has successfully scaled the heights of celebrity, he is blessed with a rare fund of patience. Yet woe betide the too enterprising



J. DARLING

*From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester.*

is his wonderfully smart fielding which the first instance brought him into prominence. Once in good company, his batting powers developed so quickly that in 1896 he secured the highest batting average ever held by an Australian in England. Gregory gets the majority of his runs by clever placing behind the wickets, but those who have seen him on his best day, vow that he

bowler who tosses him a short-pitched ball on the on-side. That man must be strangely careless of his bowling analysis, for the destiny of such balls is usually painfully short-lived. They find their way to the boundary with promptness and despatch, although allowed more ways than one of getting there, booking their passage via the "hook," the "drive," or the "glance." Before he



C. HILL

*From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester.*

had struck twenty, young Hill had gained a great reputation in England, and was proportionately worshipped in the land of his birth. Of his play against Stoddart's team it would be impossible to say too much. Dead nuts on fast bowling, he was a father to Richardson, never tiring of glancing poor Tom's fastest balls to the ropes. From this it must not be gathered that Hill cannot cut and drive on occasion. True, his characteristic strokes lie on the leg-side, but he can cut for all that, and his straight drives are not the sweetest things in the world to pull up. Amongst other feats, Hill can claim to have been the first batsman in Australia to aggregate 1,000 runs in a season's first-class cricket.

W. Howell, who made his *début* in the same match as McKibbin, was soon destined to astonish the natives. In his book "With Bat and Ball," George Giffen relates the following amusing tale

of his initial appearance in first-class cricket. In 1894, it appears that Howell was on a visit to Sydney with some bucolic cricketers, and so freely did he hit out in one of their matches, that he was chosen to play against Stoddart's eleven, as it was thought he might prove a second Massie or McDonnell. During the Englishmen's innings, when Stoddart and Brown were well set on a perfect wicket, the young countryman blandly remarked to the captain that he thought that he could get them out, and inasmuch as the bowling was in a tight knot he was given a try as a last resort. Virtue was to be rewarded. Howell promptly clean-bowled both batsmen and three others after them, only forty-four runs being knocked off him. He is a right-hand bowler of medium pace, and gets on a lot of break. His hitting powers may also be said to have developed, and on one occasion, playing against Stoddart's team, he scored ninety-five

runs in less than an hour. However, as he generally goes in late, he has little time to waste at the wickets.

In F. A. Iredale you have the man of many strokes, the brilliant batsman. Although very liable to be caught in the slips during the first few overs, when once settled down, he takes a powerful lot of shifting. The New South Wales crack will always be remembered as a shining light in the Australian team of 1896, and in the great test match at Manchester played a beautiful innings of 108. The long spell of ill-luck which stuck so persistently to him throughout several weeks of the tour would have completely destroyed the nerves of a less spirited player; but Iredale was not to be intimidated, and after being dropped out of the big match at Lord's, he came into the side again, and within a fortnight had notched four centuries. He also showed very consistent cricket against Stoddart's team, which may be

worth bearing in mind, as his performances were somewhat overshadowed by Darling and Hill. In the long field, Iredale is wonderfully active, and has about as safe a pair of hands as one could desire to have on one's side.

A. E. Johns will again sustain the rôle of understudy to Kelly, and as the inimitable Blackham has quite recently declared that "Johns is the best wicket-keeper in the world," the Victorian may be relied upon to open the eyes of some of our more enterprising countrymen. Last December, in the match between New South Wales and Victoria, his wicket-keeping was declared to be unsurpassed by any previous exhibition on the Melbourne ground, and his figures in that match tell their own tale, for he caught four men, and only allowed one bye to escape his vigilance. He has doubtless wonderfully improved since his visit to England, when he cannot have done himself justice.



E. JONES

*From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester.*

Jones, the fast bowler of the team, has already made his mark on English soil and on English batsmen, apart from which he is considered the finest field in Australia. He certainly lets precious few balls pass him at his post at mid-off, and has in his time brought off some sensational catches. It almost seems a pity that "Jonah," as his friends delight to call him, cannot keep wicket to his own bowling. In England, Jones's action might not always have been beyond reproach, but in Australia in the first match between England and South Australia, it often appeared to constitute a deliberate throw. Thanks, however, to the drastic remedies of the sturdy Phillips, the South Australian found it expedient to resort to his old form of delivery, and so all danger of a serious calamity befalling the visitors is happily averted. When caught in a happy mood, Jones is probably the hardest hitter on the side. There is none of your beating about the bush.

The arduous duties of wicket-keeping will of course be shared by Kelly and Johns. J. J. Kelly is a Victorian by birth; but the great Blackham was there before him, and so, a few years ago, Kelly found it expedient to enlist in the ranks of New South Wales, where his services were soon in requisition. The cricket world has never produced a second Jack Blackham. However, Kelly is an improving player, who has achieved some particularly smart performances during his career, and allows very few balls to pass him. It is recognised that no Australian team would be complete without him. His plucky batting has more than once come to the rescue of his side, and he actually averaged 36·75 in the test matches against Stoddart's team.

The inclusion of Frank Laver in the team came as somewhat of a surprise to most of us. His selection was doubtless due to his grand and consistent batting in two of the matches between the rest of Australia and the Representative Eleven, when he aggregated 243 runs, besides showing himself a useful change bowler. Laver has the reputation of being a grand field, and Giffen regards him as a difficult batsman to bowl to on account of his extraordinary

reach. Murdoch has also expressed a very high opinion of Laver's batting, so that you may depend upon it, the Selection Committee has made no mistake in their estimate of the Victorian. Every little helps, and the inclusion of another new man in the team affords an additional attraction.

There is a familiar ring in the name of Charles McLeod, his elder brother, "R. W." having made one of the Australian team of 1893. I am sure we all wish the younger brother better luck than attended Bob McLeod, whose play here was of a very disappointing character. The new-comer has the reputation of being one of the best all-round players in Australia. He is a left-handed bat, and in the test matches against Stoddart's team, came out second in both the batting and bowling averages. I am inclined to think that, during the forthcoming tour, he will make his mark rather as a bowler than as a batsman. As the former, he was first given a trial by Victoria, and unquestionably he bowls with resource, even if he does not always pitch 'em up quite far enough. McLeod varies his pace, and tries all sorts of artifices to bring in a verdict of *felo de se* against the "striker," often succeeding in his attempts. Bowling the other day at Melbourne, McLeod took six New South Wales wickets in their first innings at a cost of seven runs apiece, so that he may be said to be in tip-top form. Two methods characterise his batting. He can get runs quickly or slowly, the latter for choice.

By general consent, M. A. Noble was voted the most formidable bowler opposed to the Englishmen in their last tour through the colonies, and his appearance on an English cricket ground will be eagerly awaited. Standing six feet high, he is a splendid specimen of an Australian. Ranjitsinjhi has written of Noble: "There is something very peculiar about the flight of the ball in the air when he is bowling. He seems to make the ball occasionally curl from the off to the on, and now and then from the on to the off." Already batsmen know to their cost that Noble's deliveries are deceptive, and that he has the knack of making the ball curve in the air à la base-ball pitcher; but it must not be

forgotten that Noble first won fame as a batsman, and a batsman of the front rank. In 1894, he scored 152 not out for Sydney Juniors against Stoddart's team, and in the season of 1896-97, he headed the first-class Australian tables with the splendid average of sixty-eight. Subsequently, Noble has never looked backwards, and a keener cricketer does not exist, or, having been refused leave of absence to accompany the New South Wales team to South Australia and

often enough to possess a sound knowledge of the niceties of play adopted by the majority of our cracks, and his bowling abilities have doubtless quickened his faculties of observation in this direction. He may not be one of Australia's greatest batsmen, but his pluck and bulldog determination render his services invaluable when his side is hard pressed, and a more reliable bowler will not be found in the team. His great height enables him to fetch the



H. TRUMBLE

*From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester.*

Victoria, he would never have resigned his berth in the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank, in order that he might take part in the tour. A fine forward player, a rapid scorer, he is a most attractive batsman to watch, most of his runs coming from the off.

Trumble's great experience should stand himself and his companions in good stead. Hugh has visited England

ball sharp from the pitch, and his length is to be relied upon as the swing of a pendulum, which may account for his finding English wickets more to his liking than those of Australia. In the slips Trumble can comfortably do the work of two ordinary mortals.

Victor Trumper accompanies the team as reserve man, and I should not be one whit surprised to find this elegant

batsman ultimately figuring in the ranks of the "regulars." I know that his batting very favourably impressed the members of Stoddart's team, Ranjitsinjhi in particular waxing very enthusiastic over the youngster's play, and asserting that he would some day be the greatest batsman in Australia. This is a tall order, but Trumper has youth on his side, as he is only just out of his teens. He gets his runs in graceful fashion, and has twice topped the second century in first-class matches. Over here the New South Wales bat will be given plenty of opportunities of distinguishing himself, and I shall be very disappointed if he does not take full advantage of them.

A man who has come on a lot during the last two seasons is J. Worrall, who owes his selection to his wonderfully successful batting on sticky wickets. He used only to be regarded as a useful all-round player, chiefly remarkable for his fine fielding. Despite his holding the Australian record score of 417 not out, for Carlton against Melbourne University, in February, 1896, George Giffen until a year or two ago was of opinion that "Worrall never indulged the onlookers in the hope that he would make a very tall score in a first class match." Giffen would probably qualify his opinion had he

occasion to write of Worrall now, as the Victorian distinguished himself in the one test match in which he took a part, and has played sound, steady cricket in inter-colonial fixtures of this season and last. He can boast a strong defence, and, depend upon it, is altogether a more reliable batsman than in 1888, when he visited England as a member of M'Donnell's team. "Wisden" of that year summed him up as "a batsman of the rural or bucolic type. He must be a descendant of that village wonder who hit bloomin' 'ard, bloomin' 'igh, and bloomin' often. But Worrall is degenerate, he certainly hits hard and high—and seldom." Well, we shall see what we shall see. By the way, in the old days, Worrall earned some renown as a change bowler.

In conclusion, let us wish our friends and rivals a *bon voyage*. It is quite possible that before the close of the tour, we may find their fellow countryman, A. E. Trott, assisting them in some of their more serious trials of strength. Who can tell? If any of the test matches should happen to be decided on a wet wicket, then Trott's inclusion might prove invaluable. On Major Wardhill devolves the management of the team, a responsible position he may be relied upon to fill to everybody's satisfaction.





# THE ADVENTURE OF THE WHISTLING OMELETTE

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL. ILLUSTRATED BY  
SYDNEY ALDRIDGE

ONCEIVE my position. Night was falling very shrewd, with rain coming up black from the sea. I could hardly see my way a yard before and not at all behind, and the moor was full of break-neck places hid among the heather. I had no impulse in me but just to sit down and swear, only the moor seemed too lonely for my own voice. I was a fool to have left Plymouth on such a day of cloud-rack and coming storm. There seemed nothing a man might do for shelter. I roamed the moor like a lost sheep, and I believe I would have welcomed a prison-breaking convict from Princes Town, so lonely was I. My flask was empty of comfort, there was never a match in any pocket of my coat, and I was sorely hungry. There seemed no chance of succour, and I was beginning to think I should spend a merry night alone upon the moor, when I ran hard up against the stone wall of a house. The house stood up alone in the middle of the moor, with no garden or fence to shield it, and I felt my way round, no great distance, till I came to a door, upon which I beat lustily. The door opened and the light ran out of it, cutting the darkness with a golden knife. I heard a voice asking me to

enter, but at first I could not see from whom it came because my eyes were blinded. When I had gone in and was seated by the fire, I saw my entertainer was a man well set up and of a good carriage, but curious in face. It was difficult to determine whether he was a young man or an old one. His hair was grey, verging on white indeed, and his face was lined, but his eyes were a young man's eyes and his skin was healthy and clear. The room itself was furnished like a monk's cell. The floor was bare of carpet, there were no pictures on the walls, and there were only three articles of furniture, two chairs and a table, all of massive build, clamped to the floor.

I never saw such an empty room. A few books lay about the floor, and a shelf on the wall bore some eating utensils and a loaf of bread. I was beginning to thank my entertainer, when he started violently and began to tremble.

"You will think my request a strange one," he said, "but believe me, I am not mad, and you would confer a favour upon me. Might I ask you to place your walking-stick in the further corner of the room."

I was taken aback by his request and his evident discomposure, but I could not afford to quarrel with the warmth and chance of supper, so I did as he

desired, looking at him in amazement. When I had returned to my chair by the fire and he was at the other seat by the table, he apologised and said, "My request will seem very strange to you, sir, and this bare room and lonely dwelling-place must also have aroused your wonder. I can explain them both, and have nothing to hide, and if you

### THE ADVENTURE OF THE WHISTLING OMELETTE.

Aylmer Facinorius was a young musician of some promise and of a sunny, happy disposition. Throughout his life he made it his business to be always pleasant with himself, and though his earnings were not far from meagre he



"THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE LIGHT RAN OUT OF IT"

will help yourself to any food and wine that is upon the shelf, I will tell you my story. First, however, I will replenish the fire."

He took a log from a pile by the hearth—I noticed he handled it very gingerly—and placed it on the flames. Then he told me the following story.

kept a bright face, and when he could not afford to purchase a cigar vowed that there was nothing like a pipe. He lived in Chelsea among the artists, and in the evening at winter time, in some big studio where the firelight flickered on the walls and his friends sat silent, he would often sit at the piano and improvise sound-pictures for them or play to them some

dainty dance of old gold and green by Grieg.

Among the circle of artists with whom he lived there were two girls who shared a flat together, and with one of them, Audrey Anderson, he fell violently in love. Audrey was ready to be won, and promised to marry him, but as she had very little money, and Aylmer had none at all, it was obvious that they must wait.

Wait they did for more than three years, and at the end of that time, though they were more in love than ever, they were both as poor as before. They wanted to be married very much, and the sacred and close communion of husband and wife seemed the only thing in the world; but as neither of them were very brilliant at their work, they could not find a way to the most modest *eldorado*. Hope deferred made their heart—for they had but one between them—very sick indeed, and Audrey began to grow pale and to fret. Aylmer, in desperation, produced the trashiest of songs, which, despite the large numbers that he could easily produce, still failed to bring him any prospect of a sufficient income.

One evening, bright and fair to most of the world, but very gloomy to Aylmer, after a weary and fruitless round of visits to music dealers, he turned into a little restaurant in Soho. Audrey was in the country, and London seemed more than usually grim and unfriendly to the young man. A chance in his wanderings brought him by this place, where he had often been very happy with his sweetheart over a simple dinner and a bottle of cheap claret.

The small room upstairs was almost empty, for it was early, and Aylmer noticed only two people as he pushed open the swing doors—an old gentleman who was a *habitué* of the place and a stranger who sat at a table by the window. As the night was rather hot and the window was open, Aylmer took a seat at the same table, and after a minute or two found himself in easy talk with his *vis-à-vis*. The stranger, a tall, thin-faced man with a mass of red hair pushed back from a singularly high forehead, introduced himself at once as Mr. Paul Bullo, scientific investigator, late of Kansas City and now of London.

He seemed to take it for granted that their friendship was a settled thing, and plunged at once into an animated conversation on a variety of intimate subjects. He told Aylmer all about his early struggles in the Western States, how he had worked at any job that he could find in order to feed and clothe himself, while all his spare hours and many of his nights were spent in ceaseless scientific experiments. A small invention connected with the working of railroad signals had brought him enough money to send him East, and he had become a workman in Mr. Edison's laboratory. From this point his progress in scientific knowledge had been very rapid, and at the age of thirty-three he found himself one of Edison's right-hand men, and possessed of a reputation that made him known to the first scientific circles of Europe.

It was a few years after this that his uncle, Rupert Hocker, met with a violent death at the hands of his own workmen who were out on strike, and left him the whole of his immense fortune and a partnership in the great pork-packing industry of Hocker, Sweetman and Bock, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Bullo had immediately sold his share in the business, as he inherited from his mother's family a suspicion of Jewish blood which made him disinclined to be prominently connected with the bacon trade. Possessed at last of the means to gratify every desire, he had spent ten years in extended travel round the world, visiting in turn every laboratory and scientist of repute. Then, when near upon his fiftieth year, he had settled in London to spend the rest of his life producing new inventions and elaborating those which he had already conceived. He told Aylmer all about his house in Bloomsbury Square, and the many strange conceits that it contained. He said that with his marvellous system of electrical machines he needed but the assistance of a cook and engineer to supply him with every detail of modern luxury, and told how, by the pressure of a finger, he could gratify his ear with the sweetest music, or dream for a space to the sound of life-like imitations of singing birds. Sometimes he would please his eye with moving pictures caught by the camera from all

the countries of the globe. His house was his own world to him, he said, and he rarely went out among men save on those rare intervals when the noiseless forms that flitted across his picture sheets seemed to shame him into the confession that even the happiest of recluses must now and then rub shoulders with mankind.

He told the story of his life in a brisk and graphic manner, eating and drinking meanwhile with a rapidity and precision that were almost mechanical.

Aylmer listened with extreme interest, rarely interrupting the course of the narrative save for an occasional exclamation of surprise and wonder as Mr. Bullo detailed with extraordinary lucidity his invention and working of some new engine or apparatus. At the end of his recital the American paused, seeming to invite a return of confidences, and Aylmer, who was greatly attracted by the man's personality, poured out the details of his own life struggle, his love, and the apparent hopelessness of the future.

When he had finished, and the little restaurant, which during their talk had been crowded, was now empty again, Mr. Bullo spoke.

"And now," said he, "our dinner has been much spoiled by our talk; will you join me in an omelette which they make for me according to a special recipe of my own. I can promise you that you will like it."

Aylmer acquiesced, and in a few minutes the patron himself appeared with the omelette which he placed before Mr. Bullo in a manner which was at once deferential and awe-stricken.

"Would you oblige me by cutting it," said Mr. Bullo, "It is a conceit of mine to prefer my guest to do that duty on the occasions that I have this particular dish."

Aylmer drew the knife, quickly across the steaming omelette, when suddenly it emitted a loud strident whistle, and rearing itself upon its end began to pirouette daintily round the dish.

"A little invention of my own," said the millionaire in a delighted tone. "You see it is quite simple," and capturing the spinning confection, he withdrew a tiny glittering object. "This is all," he said;

"your knife surprised the mechanism, and you see the result." I have made an especial study of mechanical jests as applied to cooked dishes, and frequently amuse my friends in this fashion. Last Christmas Day, I had a plum-pudding, out of which, when opened, mechanical dickie-birds, painted to represent the feathered songsters of all countries, flew to different perches about the room and warbled for upwards of twenty minutes. It was a pretty prank. And now I must be upon my way. Here is my card. Should you feel inclined to visit me, I have a plan which with the aid of a little courage on your part may place you in a position to be speedily married." He summoned the waiter, and, despite Aylmer's protestations, insisting on paying the bill for the two dinners, left the room very quietly.

Three times was the young musician in imminent peril of being run over as he made his way to Piccadilly Circus to find his omnibus. The indefinite promise of the millionaire following on the wonderful stories that he told, produced an extraordinary exhilaration in Aylmer's mind, and he drifted through the crowded streets realising nothing but the beautiful future he was planning in his own thoughts. At last, after the pole of an omnibus had grazed his shoulder, and he felt the hot, strong breath of the horses upon his cheek, he pulled himself together, and as a relief to his feelings was extravagant to the extent of a long telegram to Audrey. He smiled to see how the amatory wording of it stiffened the good post-mistress's cheek to a frigid displeasure.

He judged it best not to be too impatient in his visit to Mr. Bullo, and it was not till nearly a week had passed that one wet, clammy summer's evening found him on the doorstep of the house in Bloomsbury Square. The door opened suddenly, and Aylmer was confronted with a large hall somewhat bare of furniture. As there was no servant to be seen, he stood upon the threshold for a moment not quite knowing what to do, until he saw an arm of wood shoot out from the wall bearing in its fingers a card with the legend "Up one flight of stairs and the first door to the right." He followed the directions nervously,

bearing in mind the many mechanical pleasures of whose existence about the house Mr. Bullo had apprised him. He reached the door, and as his foot touched the mat it opened and he walked into a room entirely bare of furniture, save for one arm-chair by the fire, in which Mr. Bullo was sitting. The latter welcomed the young man with a great show of enthusiasm, and pressing a knob in the elaborately carved mantelpiece, caused a panel in the wall to swing back. Out of the opening another arm-chair ran upon wheels, easily and noiselessly, while it was followed by a small table bearing bottles and glasses.

"Here is sherry," said Mr. Bullo, "or if you prefer it, spirits. Supper will be ready in one minute, and you must be contented with a cold feast, for though I thought you would come to-night, I could not be certain of the hour." They fell to talk, and Aylmer was presently astounded to see a band of rats run quickly across the floor and disappear

into holes that opened to receive them. They were pursued by a pair of magnificent cats, and Aylmer could hear the rattle of the mechanism as they nosed about the holes.

Mr. Bullo clapped his hands. "You must excuse me," he said, "for my childishness in thus forcing my wonders upon your notice, but they are so dear to me, and it is such a pleasure to have a new audience for their exhibition."

In a few more minutes there was a faint sound of a bugle coming from the lower part of the house. Mr. Bullo stamped his foot twice, and almost immediately the floor parted in the centre and a magnificently appointed table covered with the choicest of viands rose into sight. "I must apologise once more," said Mr. Bullo, "for this somewhat antique device, which smacks, I admit, of the Christmas pantomime, but I have tried in vain to invent a new one which should work with the like simplicity. At any rate, here is supper."



"THEY WERE PURSUED BY A PAIR OF MAGNIFICENT CATS"

They both did excellent justice to the feast before them. Never in his life had Aylmer tasted such delicately cooked foods or sipped such rare wines, so that when the supper-table gave way to another loaded with fruits, sweets from New York and Paris, and the most expensive kinds of cigars, he was in the best possible humour to accede to any proposition, however hazardous, that his host might put to him. During the meal itself nothing extraordinary had taken place, but at dessert, Mr. Bullo's face took on once more the deprecatory smile that Aylmer had begun to recognise as herald of impending wonders. Leaning forward he appeared to touch some spring concealed among the flowers. Immediately a little fountain tinkled in the centre of the table, music from a hidden orchestra floated about their ears, while upon a great silver dish three bananas rose upon end, and began lustily to buffet themselves upon a pineapple, which, throwing out long tentacles, defended itself sturdily from its foes.

"Well," said Mr. Bullo, "I have played the magician enough. Now, come into my study, which is entirely free from mechanical tricks, and we will talk over the plan that I am about to propose to you."

The study was a small room, very comfortable, and Aylmer, who was beginning to experience a nervousness whenever he saw Mr. Bullo stretch out his hand, was relieved to see the whisky and tobacco produced without any appeal to science. The millionaire lost no time in opening the subject.

"At Lower Edmonton," he said, "hard by the cottage where the late Mr. Charles Lamb wrote many of his instructive essays, there is a house. This house is my property, and on it I have spent five years and many thousands of pounds. It contains, and I am not boasting, the most perfect products now existing of applied mechanics. It is, sir, a *trick-house!*"

Mr. Bullo's voice had quite lost its earlier tone of banter, and he looked very shrewdly at his young guest as he continued.

"The tricks are not of the same pleasant and harmless nature as those with which I have this evening enter-

tained you, but are in some cases serious attacks upon the person, and many of the things that may happen in this house are sufficient to try the nerves and courage of the bravest and most alert man who should venture to pass a night there. In fact, no one has ever done so since the machinery has been in working order, and I am prepared to offer £20,000 to the man who shall stay in that house three whole days and nights and come out alive. None of the traps I have laid are necessarily fatal. It is a fair bet. A brave man against the products of a scientist's brain and twenty thousand pounds if he wins. Do you take me, young sir? and do you think there is any one who will pit himself against my brains for so large a sum of money? Yourself, for instance. You have no money and yet you are very anxious for marriage. Will you go to my house, and try for the £20,000? As you stand, what is your future? It is the worst of all penury, genteel penury. If you marry, your love may make you happy for a time despite the odds, but you are a man of the world, and you must know the inevitable end. A family, possible sickness, a sordid struggle for life, and gradual starvation. Now look at the other picture—the 'bid for freedom' let us call it. Three bad days and nights—possibly not so very bad, as I may be over-confident of my machinery—then the £20,000 for you when you come out; nearly £800 a year, marriage, and lifelong happiness with Audrey. Come, I will give you three days to decide. You need not be afraid of being defrauded. Everything shall be in order; my solicitor will draw up an agreement for us to sign. To-day is the seventh, on the tenth I shall expect an answer. I think you will be my man."

Aylmer was silent for quite ten minutes. The clock ticked feverishly, seeming to hurry rather than to measure time; and Mr. Bullo, crouched in his chair, was watching intently, an extraordinary brilliance in his eyes.

"You say that none of the tricks are designedly fatal; you give me your word on that?" the young man said at last.

"I pledge you my word of honour!" said the millionaire, jumping up with

outstretched hand. "The scheme sounds wild and mad, I own, but it is my hobby. I have always been madly fascinated by machinery. If you went careless and unprepared anything might happen, but going as you do, awake to every chance, you have no business to be killed. You'll get badly frightened, no doubt, but that's all!"

"I suppose you won't give me any idea of what may happen?" said Aylmer.

"That wouldn't be fair!" answered Mr. Bullo, with a chuckle. "I cannot do that! I will say, however, that there is nothing like pasteboard ghosts or tricks with limelight. Everything is purely mechanical. It is simply a big mechanical joke; rather a dangerous one, perhaps, but then there is a big compensation. But wait a minute, I will introduce you to Mr. Willy, my engineer; he has been my right-hand man in carrying out the scheme."

He pressed a bell, and in a few seconds the door opened and Mr. Willy appeared. He was a small man, broad, and brown of face, with extremely deep lines round his eyes and mouth. His eyes, which twinkled incessantly, were bright blue, and as he spoke the Welsh accent rapped sharp and crisp upon the ear. He was wiping the oil from his fingers with a tattered cloth as he entered the room, and he apologised to Mr. Bullo for his grimy condition.

"Look you, sir, I have made her fly at last," he cried, and producing a mechanical owl from one of his capacious pockets he cast it up in the air. The solemn bird circled twice round the room, and then perching on the mantelshelf said "Mister Willy" three times, and in the most natural manner in the world.

Mr. Bullo ran to it at once and patted it lovingly. "Thank you, Willy, thank you!" he cried, "we shall soon have the whole animal kingdom. I have an idea for a giraffe which—but I forget. There is more serious work toward. Let me introduce you to my young friend, Mr. Aylmer Facinorius, who is very likely going to stay at Lever Lodge and try for my guineas."

Mr. Willy shot a quick, cunning smile at his master, but the latter's face did not move. "Tell him, Willy," he

went on, "that he isn't going to be killed, only frightened and perhaps a trifle bruised,—eh, Willy?"

Mr. Willy fumbled with the piece of cotton waste that he still held in his hand, and looked from one man to the other before he answered. All his movements were very quick and jerky and the especial twinkle of his eye and the endless quivering of his shoulders gave him the appearance, which was quite false, of a nervous man. "Oh no, sir," he answered; "believe me, sir, indeed there will be no danger of life whatever."

"Very well," said Aylmer, "I will let you know, Mr. Bullo, before the week is out. I have not to my knowledge ever made an enemy. I am, therefore, disinclined to believe that you should have any wish to take my life. It is, as you say, Mr. Willy, a great deal of money, and I am a fairly desperate man. The possession of this money would ensure the happiness of my life, and I think that I shall go to your house. Well, I will say good night. Thank you very much, Mr. Bullo, for your most excellent supper and the entertaining evening that you have given me. Mr. Willy, I have no doubt we shall meet again. Good night."

When he was outside in the open air he drew a deep breath and turned once to look up at the gloomy house. All the windows were brilliantly lighted, and he could see, sharply silhouetted against one of the blinds, the black figures of Mr. Bullo and Mr. Willy, each holding a wine-glass. At the same moment the sound of loud brazen music, mocking music it seemed, came out over the square. It was a sudden flourish of trumpets, and when it ceased he could hear the panting of a gas-engine in the cellar.

He set himself to walk home, for at this time the omnibuses and trains had ceased running and he had no money for a cab. The wet mist which he had left outside when he entered the house was now gone, and the pavements were bright and clean as his footsteps struck echoes from the flags. He enjoyed his long walk, and as every step took him further from Bloomsbury he felt the more determined to brave the un-

known terrors of the house at Edmonton, and the more certain that he would come victorious from the ordeal. There were but few wayfarers at that hour of the night, and when, at Hyde Park Corner, the dawn came, he stood and watched for a while.

He slept but little and sat alone all the next day waiting for Audrey, who was coming home in the evening. He had made up his mind that he would tell her nothing of his dangerous purpose, but would pretend an engagement to play at a provincial concert to explain his three days' absence. He felt supremely confident in himself, but as the hour of his sweetheart's coming drew nearer he found it hard to repress a feeling of nervousness, a fear of some untimely accident that should take him for ever from Audrey. At six o'clock he went to Paddington, and presently the great engine glided majestically into the station at the head of its train. By a lucky chance the carriage in which Audrey was drew up exactly opposite where he was standing, and in a moment his lady was in his arms.

Neither of them could ever see why they should not embrace in a station. As Audrey herself said, "We love each other, so what *does* anything else matter?"

When they were in the cab Aylmer forgot everything for a time. To have her little slim hand in his—with the tyranny of a lover he had made her take off her glove—to be close to her in a little world of their own, to watch her sweet face all aglow with tenderness and trust, this indeed was the great thing in life.

"Darling," he said, "love of my heart, I can think of nothing but you. Oh, I have wanted you so. How splendid when we shall always be together for ever and ever. It's awfully strange, but I don't want any companionship but yours—just to be with you, that is all."

Then Audrey asked him the question that she always asked him because it was so sweet to hear his protestations. "Darling, will you always love me—when I am old and ugly, even?"

So for half-an-hour they prattled like children, hand in hand. They at least

knew the best life has to give. To them, though they had little else, was given the supreme and inexpressible joy.

The cab spun rapidly through the pleasant streets of the West End, and the drive came to an end all too soon for the lovers. Aylmer gave up Audrey to Miss Chilmaid, the girl with whom she lived, and, promising to be back later in the evening, went home to a solitary dinner. It was not until after they had been together for more than an hour that he dared to tell her of his prospective absence. The thought of lying to this sweet, good girl was horrible to him, and when at last he summed up enough courage to announce his concert engagement at Ipswich, and the probability of his being away for three days, it was with bald words and a blushing face.

Audrey said very little. She was sorry to be parted from him so soon again, but engagements of any sort were rare and had to be welcomed with considerable joy. Soon afterwards they said good night, and Aylmer wrote to Mr. Bullo accepting his challenge in the matter of the house, and suggesting a meeting on the following day for the drawing up of a proper agreement. He said that on the day after he would be ready to go to Edmonton. He received a telegram from Mr. Bullo in the morning, and at three o'clock was closeted with him in the private room of Mr. Hartley, a solicitor, in Chancery Lane.

The formalities were few and quickly despatched, so that by half-past four Aylmer was once more in Mr. Bullo's house. It had been decided that he was to go to Edmonton at once with Mr. Willy, and to dine in Bloomsbury Square before setting out.

Dinner was agreeably free from mechanical pleasantries, and at eight o'clock Mr. Bullo rang for Mr. Willy, and the three went into the study for a final drink and cigar before the commencement of the adventure. At half-past eight Mr. Bullo rose from his chair, and, going to the young man, shook him warmly by the hand.

"The time has come, my young friend," he said, "let me thank you

again for your acceptance of my wager. You are a man, I can see, and I doubt my machines will frighten you but little. We shall see, and believe me, Mr. Facinorius, it will be with the greatest pleasure that I shall hand you my cheque on Friday. Now I commend you to the guidance of Mr. Willy. He will leave you in Lever Lodge and will set the machine in action. At midnight exactly on Friday. Au revoir, Mr. Facinorius, and good luck."

They were not long about their journey, for Mr. Bullo's carriage whirled them quickly to the station and the train started immediately. When they arrived at Edmonton, Mr. Willy explained that the house was close at hand, and they set out for it on foot. Lever Lodge was a square and compact building of not at all a forbidding aspect, standing in a pleasant garden that was surrounded by a red-brick wall.

Mr. Willy walked with Aylmer up the gravel path that led from the garden gate to the front door, and, turning the lock with a latch-key, showed the young man into a brilliantly lighted hall, and then, bidding him a good evening, banged the door behind him.

#### THE FIRST DAY.

Aylmer paused for a moment irresolute. The hall was large and almost bare of furniture. The very emptiness of the place seemed sinister, and cold fear suddenly claimed the young man as her own. Through a tall window opposite to him he could see the moon floating peacefully among soft clouds, and the mellow sound of lowing cattle came at intervals over the fields. He was seized with a frantic desire to get out into the world, and, turning back, he shook at the door. There were no apparent means for opening it. Locks and bolts it appeared to have none, and he was forced to accept the situation and realise that he was really a prisoner in this house of fantastic horrors. He stood there, his stick poised as in self-defence, while the loud ticks of a tall clock seemed to mock him with their cold regularity. Nothing happened, and he remembered that Mr. Willy had told him he would

find food and wine in a lower room, and that, should sleep oppress him, there was a sleeping chamber prepared upon the upper floor. He walked a little down the hall, placing his feet very gingerly.

A rack fitted with clips for sticks and umbrellas stood against the wall, and he placed his stick in one of them. To his unutterable surprise, as he did so, the stick was caught up by the clip and struck him two violent blows upon the face.

He stumbled back smarting with pain and fell against the opposite wall. His walking-stick, a light malacca cane, fell back into the rack with a rattle and the vestibule was as silent as before. The unexpectedness of the thing frightened him for a moment, but he soon remembered that it was not very dreadful after all. He resolved to try and unravel the mystery, and very carefully he went up to the rack and quickly grasped the cane. To his surprise it came out quite easily, and when he felt the clip he found it apparently a fixture with no trace of anything unusual about it. Puzzled and smarting, yet admiring the cleverness of the apparatus, he walked down the hall in search of food.

He came to some stairs which led downwards, and tightly grasping the banisters, for he had thoughts of a possible trap-door beneath his feet, he went down to the bottom. The stairway and the passage at the foot of it were all brilliantly lighted by electricity. There were several doors in the passage, and while he was hesitating which he should open, his eyes fell upon one of them to which a card was nailed bearing the words "SUPPER. FIRST DAY."

He opened it without mishap, and a comfortable room discovered itself with a cold supper neatly set forth upon a table in the centre. Everything looked particularly inviting. Aylmer began to remember the genial eccentricities of the millionaire, and to think that possibly there was not much in the wager after all, and that this might be but a fantastic method of doing him a service.

He sat down with much satisfaction before a bottle of sherry and a cold duck, making a very hearty supper. Only

one mechanical pleasantry disturbed his feast, and this partook of the nature of a comedy, and did not fail to afford him some amusement. About half-way through the meal the mustard-pot—a handsome utensil of silver—opened its lid and remarked something that bore a suspicious resemblance to Mr. Bullo's "twenty thousand pounds," and then, with a sudden cackle of laughter, shut with a click.

Thoughts of the phonograph immediately came into Aylmer's mind, and his suspicions became a certainty when he found that the pot was fixed to the table. After supper he found some excellent cigarettes on the mantelshelf, and seating himself in a roomy chair was soon enjoying the luxury of the post-prandial tobacco. His mind was mellowed by his meal, and he allowed his eyes to wander lazily round the handsome room. He was pleased to see a small piano in the corner, with a richly carved case of ebony, and when he had finished his cigarette he went over to it, thinking to pass an hour pleasantly with Chopin.

He began a nocturne of which the first few notes were struck entirely upon the base and treble notes, leaving the central octaves untouched. Then, when he touched a black note in the centre of the instrument the first attempt upon his life was made by the hellish ingenuity of Mr. Bullo. As his finger descended on a key in the very centre of the board a sharp report sounded in his ears, and he felt something like a red-hot iron touch his cheek, while simultaneously a quantity of smoke curled out from a carved boss in the front of the piano. His cheek began to bleed profusely where it had been grazed by a bullet, and with a sick horror in his veins he staggered to the table and poured himself out a glass of wine. Had the aim of the concealed pistol which he had unconsciously fired been directed an inch more to the right his brain would have been penetrated, and he would have been lying a corpse upon the carpet!

He sat down again upon the chair, and began to realise to what he had pledged himself. His former cheerful thoughts were violently dispelled, and

he began to see with [unmistakable clearness that he was in a house of horror, from which it was unlikely he would ever emerge. Little things in Mr. Bullo's manner came back to him with a new significance, and were made plain in the light of his recent experience. He felt sure that he was doomed, and with that thought came the thought of his love, Audrey. The anguish was unspeakable. He had said a long farewell to those dark eyes and small caressing hands. His fingers went to his watch-chain, where he had fastened a little golden cross which she had given him.

As he sat still with bowed head, grasping the charm, he began to repress and control the agony that was surging over him. His pain began to condense in his soul and turn to strong purpose. At length he rose up proudly, still grasping the little cross. "I will be a man," he said out loud, as if challenging the watchful engines which lay waiting all around him. "If I die, I will die as a man; if I live, Fortune is kind to me. Even if I die I shall see Audrey again somehow, and it's not long to wait."

Then with a firm step and smoking a fresh cigarette, he left the room and went up the stairs into the hall. His manhood had come back, and he felt prepared to endure and contend with anything. He saw by the clock that it was very late, and the excitement of the day had left him weary, so he determined to find a bed and sleep. Accordingly he mounted the stairs warily. When he reached the top of the stairs he looked back into the hall, and even as he did so the electric light faded away as if he were being watched by some unseen intelligence. The landing on which he stood was still lit, and resolutely suppressing fear he walked round it, surveying the closed doors in turn. On the door which was to his right hand as he ascended he found the following label:

#### BEDROOM. FIRST NIGHT.

He stood upon the mat hesitating whether to go in or not, when there was a rattle in the lintel. Turning sharply towards the sound, he saw a little shelf

had fallen down on which was a note addressed to him by name. He took it up and found it ran as follows:—

MY DEAR FACINORIOUS,—You are no doubt by this time thoroughly frightened, and imagine it is my fixed intention to kill you. Now listen. There is no reason why you should die. I do not deny that there are plenty of possibilities that you may unwarily fall into one of the many traps set for you. That is a part of the wager between us—a wager which is a fair and above-board one. On the other hand, I assert with absolute sincerity that by unceasing watchfulness you may win the wager unharmed. I am not, I repeat, the bloody-minded monster you imagine me to be. Yours, BULLO.

Aylmer read this note with great care. It gave him new courage and he remembered that after all it was his own choice that he was there. The proud resignation that had sustained him gave place to hope, and he began to experience something of the joy of contest, the pleasure of pitting his brains and cunning against the grim and lifeless adversaries awaiting him on every side.

He opened the bedroom door with great caution, and finding the room within was dark, struck a lucifer match upon his heel. Then he saw a gas-bracket by the fireplace, and, advancing slowly towards it, he turned the tap and held the match up to the burner. There was a sudden hissing noise, louder than the ordinary sound of rushing gas, a slight pop as the gas ignited, and a long rod of light flashed out at him, hitting him on the shoulder.

In a moment his coat and shirt were a mass of flames. The flame went right through the fabric of his clothes, and scorched the skin beneath, before he could rush back out of its path. Directly he had done so, and was crushing out the life of the fire with one of the bed coverings, the jet of gas flashed back into the bracket, and the room was dark for several seconds. Then the electric light began to glow from a globe in the ceiling. The pain from the burn was intense, and he sank down on the bed, too conscious of the physical sensation to be very clear as to what had happened. When the first agony was over, and he could suffer with more equanimity, he felt that, despite his resolutions of caution, he had been very foolish.

Had he examined the gas-bracket in

the first instance, he could not have failed to notice the nozzle which directed the jet of gas, and the unusual appearance of the burner would have warned him from tampering with it. Perils menaced him at every step, and it was only by an almost superhuman prudence that he could save himself.

When he thought of Audrey, his courage became strong again, and the sense of absolute power and resolve that sometimes comes to a man in great peril calmed his nerves. He fell asleep, still thinking of her, and though his wounded cheek and scorched shoulder were very painful, he was little awake during the night.

#### THE SECOND DAY.

The morning was flooding the room with sunlight when he awoke. He could not believe himself to be in peril. The decent, comely room, with its bath full of water standing by the bed, the sun pouring in at the window, the song of the birds in the garden outside, all combined to make the events of the night before seem some evil dream, which had fled before the sun. His injuries were better, and in every way he felt a man again. At the same time, he could not but think that the ingenuity of Mr. Bullo and Mr. Willy would have foreseen this, and that it behoved him to be very much upon his guard.

He got out of bed, and carefully examined the bath. It was one of those shallow saucer baths, and it seemed as if nothing could possibly be wrong with it. Standing by the side was a cork mat. His first idea was that possibly the liquid in the bath was not water at all, but some acid which might burn him. He put the tip of his finger into it, but found it to be unmistakable water, both to taste and touch. Then it occurred to him to move the bath close to the window, as there seemed some companionship in the birds and green trees outside.

When he caught hold of the rim of the bath to pull it along he found his prudence rewarded. Something was not quite right, for the bath was fixed to the floor and would not move. When he made this discovery he stepped back, one foot resting upon the cork mat. He fancied for a moment that the mat gave

as he trod upon it, and simultaneously he heard most unmistakably a sharp metallic click. He knelt down by the mat, and after an attentive examination found that it had sunk a quarter of an inch into the floor.

He had a strong knife in his pocket, and inserting it in the crack at the edge of the mat was able with its aid to prise it up. It lifted like the lid of a box and disclosed a trough in the flooring full of wheels and shining metal bars. Aylmer could not repress a smile of satisfaction. To find some of the hidden machinery, to see the veritable agents of the trickery, seemed to rob the place of half its terror. These sudden and mysterious occurrences had all the horror of their mystery, and even to have surprised the secret of one of them was a signal victory.

He looked carefully into the aperture, wondering what new attempt upon his life its contents would betray.

It appeared that the pressure of his foot upon the mat had set in motion a lever which had withdrawn a bolt at the end of the trough nearest to the bath. The explanation flashed upon him at once; the bottom of the bath was now held in its place by the frailest of supports sufficient to sustain the weight of the water, and had in fact become simply a trap-door. He resolved to test this, and leaning over the edge of the bath struck the bottom a heavy blow with his fist. There was another click, a rush of water, and the sheet of tin gave way and disappeared with a loud, echoing rattle, laying bare a smooth shaft which seemed to go right down to the cellars of the house. As he leant over he could feel cool air upon his face. The discovery was unnerving, but there was a great exultation in it. Carefully skirting the pit he went to the window and looked out. The window was barred outside, but he could see a large and shady garden full of fine trees and pleasant lawns, as peaceful a place as a man might care to walk in. He resolved to open the window and inhale the morning air with its scents from all the lavender and wall-flowers below.

He had just unfastened the catch and was about to push up the frame when he stopped suddenly. To open a window

was so ordinary and simple a thing that he had forgotten his caution. After some consideration he raised it very slowly, carefully avoiding the open space between the sill and the rising window. It was well that he did so, for when he had raised it some two feet it broke away from his hands and fell back into its place with a heavy clang. Had his hand or fingers been beneath they would have been very badly crushed if not entirely amputated. He had half expected this to happen and it did not startle him very much, so with a superior smile—for he was growing very confident—he took up a light bedroom chair and smashed the glass, letting the delightful air stream into the room.

When he had enjoyed it for a time he went cautiously downstairs into the hall. The clock was striking eight as he came down the stairs, and as the last note died away a card made its appearance on the top, bearing the following legend:—"BREAKFAST. SECOND DAY. Will be served in number five on the lower floor. Water may be boiled and tea made without any danger!"

This announcement seemed to promise a truce, and he went carefully down to the passage where on the first night he had supped. He passed the room with the piano, the door standing open as he had left it, and a faint smell of gunpowder still hanging in the air. Number five was comfortably appointed, and the materials for breakfast were upon a table by the window. When he had finished an excellent meal, which was considerably enlivened by the graceful dancing of a penny roll to strains of music which proceeded from an ostensible box of sardines, it was close upon nine. As the hour struck there was a whirring, humming noise, and from an aperture which opened in the wall protruded the mouth of a large metal trumpet. Aylmer rightly concluded that the instrument was connected with a phonograph. It gave him the following message in jerky, metallic accents:—"Mr. Bullo presents his compliments to Mr. Facinorius, and begs to inform him that he is free to walk in the garden for an hour unmolested. Before ten strikes Mr. Facinorius must be back

in the house, or the door will close and the wager be lost!"

A second after the instrument had made an end of speaking, and while the trumpet was slowly going back into the wall, the window, together with the space of wall beneath it, swung open in the manner of a door, and the garden, full of scents and brilliant as a pane of stained glass, lay open for him to walk in. It was inexpressible joy to walk in the garden. As his feet trod the sweet grass of the lawns, and he heard the summer wind dealing delicately with the leaves of the elms, he wept tears of pure relief. Every sunbeam was a smiling ray of hope, he felt sure that before long he would hold Audrey in his arms. There was something of her in every pleasant aspect of the garden. The house itself, seen through the trees, wore such a comfortable presence, and seemed to have such good pride of itself that he would not believe it could be sinister. His body alone remembered. The chatter of the birds seemed to laugh at fear and to dispel it. He consulted his watch frequently in order that he might not be late, and when it showed five minutes to the hour he entered through the opening in the wall. As the gong of the clock beat out ten the window swung into its place, and he was a prisoner again.

The problem before him was how should he spend his time. It would be madness to explore the house, and yet did he remain still in one room it was almost certain that Mr. Bullo would have provided for the contingency. It was idle to suppose that he would be allowed to avoid danger in that way. He resolved after much consideration to go back to the bedroom. He imagined that he had, in all probability, unmasked its worst horrors, and that he would be safer there than anywhere else. When he came into the hall he saw his stick still in the rack, and conceiving that it might be useful he took it out. The clip turned under his hand, endeavouring to repeat the blow which had assailed him on the first evening. This time, however, he was well prepared and easily prevented a *contretemps*. He went slowly and quietly up the stairs, and when he was a yard or two from

the door he stopped, suddenly arrested by the sound of some one moving about the room. The door was half open, and tightly grasping his stick he peeped in. An extraordinary sight met his eyes. From the pit in the centre of the bath projected the top of a steel ladder, and busied at the mantelpiece, with his back to Aylmer, was little Mr. Willy. Aylmer realised that he had found the engineer in the very act of preparing a new trap, and that it was of great importance that he should not himself be seen. Mr. Willy had a bag of tools, and taking a spanner from it he began to unscrew a bolt at the corner of the great mirror which was over the mantel. When he had taken out two screws the glass swung open on hinges, revealing a cupboard in the wall. In the centre of this space, which was entirely filled with machinery, was a large circle of polished steel from which projected four tubes like gun barrels, which he noticed pointed directly at the pillow of the bed. When he had carefully oiled and cleaned the bars and wheels Mr. Willy went again to the tool basket and took from it a brown-paper parcel. Untying the string, he disclosed four rods of dull steel, each about a foot long and with arrow-heads of the same metal. Taking a dart the engineer rammed it into one of the tubes which projected from the disc, obviously compressing a spring as he did so. When only the head of the dart was visible there was the sound of a catch falling into its rest, a half revolution of the wheels below, and the missile remained in its place.

When he had loaded each of the four tubes in this way the engineer took out a large key. In the corner of the aperture there was a clock face, and moving a finger on an index dial to the hour of two, he wound up the machinery. Then, with a little chuckle of satisfaction, he swung the mirror back into its place, and gathering up his tools slowly disappeared into the shaft. Aylmer advanced into the room as Mr. Willy's head went down out of sight, and though he did not dare to peer into the pit, he could hear the engineer moving in it like a rabbit in its hole. He realised the ingenuity of the hellish



"BUSTED AT THE MANTLEPIECE, WITH HIS BACK TO AYLMER,  
WAS LITTLE MR. WILLY"

device at once. At two o'clock in the morning, when in the ordinary course of events he would have been peacefully sleeping, the mirror would swing noiselessly aside and the heavy javelins would be discharged at his defenceless form. His luck was stupendous, for had he not actually seen the preparations no power on earth could have prevented his death.

It was a new idea to think that Mr. Willy, and possibly also Mr. Bullo, were present superintending the progress of their experiment in person, and it was not a pleasant one. For aught he knew

his every action was being scrutinised, his every precaution noted and provided for. Still, there was but a day and a-half more to be endured, and he was warned against what he expected would prove to be the greatest peril of the night. The afternoon passed entirely without incident. He did not go into any of the other rooms until eight, when a card on the clock in the hall informed him that dinner was served in a room upon the first floor.

He found the apartment without difficulty, a handsome panelled place with a ceiling of oaken beams. It was

the finest room he had yet seen in Lever Lodge, a kind of studio one might have supposed, or perhaps designed for the game of billiards. A small round table was spread with cold viands, and he sat down to it with appetite. He wondered if Mr. Bullo had arranged any pleasantry with the table furniture. So far all his meals had been the scene of some small and harmless mechanical joke. Accordingly when a large willow pattern dish ran away with a handsome silver tablespoon, he laughed merrily and appreciated to the full this practical illustration of the nursery rhyme. It was, he thought, a kindly humour of Mr. Bullo's, and he laughed again to find himself playing the part of the Little Dog in the childish drama. His amusement was short-lived. The chair which he was occupying was one of those "study chairs" in which the seat is supported by a screw which allows it to revolve at the pleasure of the occupant. He had tried it carefully before sitting in it, and had examined it all over for something suspicious, finding nothing in it that was untoward.

As he was reaching over the table for a cigarette he found himself wrenched suddenly round, and spinning with inconceivable rapidity, the chair rushed up towards the ceiling. The unexpectedness of the whole thing paralysed his forces, and his head was within a foot of a big beam and in a second more would have collided violently with it, when he leapt from the chair and fell. He was thrown with tremendous force full on to the table, completely smashing the woodwork, and he sank, stunned and giddy, among the *débris* of the dinner, and bleeding from half-a-dozen cuts.

He made desperate efforts to keep a clear brain, but it was impossible, and in a few seconds, he entirely lost consciousness. It was hours afterwards when his senses came back to him, and, full of pain, he crawled away from the wreck around. His watch showed him that it was three o'clock in the morning, so that he must have been lying motionless where he had fallen for some six hours. Every bone in his body made protest as he moved. The wounds upon his hands throbbed painfully, and the burn upon his shoulder

began to trouble him again. At all costs he felt that he must sleep, and, desperate of consequences, he sought his bedroom. When he entered, he saw that the mirror was hanging out from the wall and that the tubes upon the disc were empty. He turned at once to the bed and found, as he had expected, that the darts had been fired. Three of them had penetrated deep into the pillow, and a fourth was buried in the mattress and had only been stopped by the iron of the bedstead beneath.

He was in too parlous a state both of mind and body to care much what happened, and throwing himself upon the end of the bed, he sank into a heavy stupor, in which even the fear of that fearful house could find no part.

#### THE LAST DAY.

Once more the morning came with all its summer splendour, and once more it found Aylmer more hopeful than he had been the night before. He noticed, nevertheless, that his hands shook very much, and he started at every trivial sound. He also found that he had a curious disinclination, a physical disinclination, to touch anything. His hand, stretched out to grasp the bed-rail or a chair, drew itself back without any order from his brain.

In going through the hall on his way to breakfast, he found a letter in the box upon the front door. It was an ordinary letter from the outside world, and he had never been so pleased with a postmark in his life before. It was addressed to "Aylmer Facinorous," and was in the handwriting of Mr. Bullo. It ran:—

MY DEAR FACINORIOUS,—Only one day remains to you, and at twelve o'clock to-night I hope to hand you a little cheque that we know of. Till then be brave, and believe me I have no more sincere wish than that you will be perfectly successful. I must, however, warn you that—as you will no doubt expect—this last day will be the time of greatest trial, of most imminent danger. Also, if you will allow me to give you a hint, I would advise you not to stay too long in any one place.

BULLO.

After breakfast Aylmer was afforded the opportunity of a walk in the garden, and then, as the door in the wall closed on him, began the last terrible hours of the ordeal.

After the plain warning of the lette

he did not dare to remain in the breakfast room, and yet to move about seemed almost equally foolhardy.

It was then that all his confidence finally left him, and he could call no manhood into his brain. He felt that all his former escapes had been vain, that the last act in the drama was at hand, and that the very walls would fall in upon him and crush him rather than let him escape.

His face began to change quickly as the overwhelming horror of his position left his brain and went for the first time into his blood. He crept about the house like a hunted creature, tapping the walls and doors with tremulous crooked fingers and laughing softly to himself. A sick thirst began to sand his throat, and his eyes to lose their human look. The letter had utterly unmanned him. With the suddenness of a blow, the terrible strain of the last two days had now its swift effect. He became a piteous, timid thing but little resembling a man as he stole softly round the house. Deep furrows showed themselves in his grey face, his lips scrabbled meaninglessly.

As the hours went on he moved faster and faster, finding it impossible to remain still for a moment. Ever and again he would howl like an animal and beat upon the walls, careless of results. Nothing whatever happened. No single occurrence broke the monotony of fear. About eleven o'clock, when he knew that his trial would last but another hour, his sanity left him. He felt sure that he had but a few minutes to live, that some swift secret stroke would destroy him before midnight.

He ran from lighted room to lighted room, as if something were pursuing him, whimpering as he ran. Mr. Bullo faded from his mind, and he only knew that he was afraid.

The millionaire had indeed inflicted his last and most fearful horror. There were no more traps in the house, the machinery was all out of gear and the dynamo in the engine-house was stopped and cold. The place was safe for a little child to ramble in, but fear had come to it more surely and completely than before.

When Mr. Bullo and Mr. Willy opened the front door at midnight, they found Aylmer lying motionless upon the floor of the hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus ends the tale told me by the young gentleman in the house upon the moor, but as the acquaintance begun in so casual a manner has since ripened into a firm friendship, it needs that I



"HE RAN FROM LIGHTED ROOM TO LIGHTED ROOM"

say another word or two. Aylmer stayed another fortnight in the lonely house, until his nerves had recovered tone, and Audrey, who was staying at Princes Town—I found her to be the dearest girl—visited him every day. At the end of that time they were married, and both myself and my collaborateur were invited to the wedding, which was a pleasing function. When Aylmer's rich relations found that he had twenty thousand pounds, many of them died and left him large sums, so that he is now very rich indeed. The failure of a famous bank unfortunately deprived Mr. Bullo of his vast wealth. Hearing of this, Aylmer very kindly offered him the position of gatekeeper

at Compton, his country house in Hertfordshire. Bullo gladly accepted, and his mechanical pig George, which can sing a comic song in the broadest Hertfordshire, is extremely popular with all the country side, and a never-failing draw at the village penny readings. Bullo is never tired of relating how when the Prince was shooting in the neighbourhood he asked to see George, the mechanical pig, and expressed himself as pleased with the merry toy.

Of Mr. Willy I can say nothing that is good. He has a small competence, and lives in Bristol, where he spends all his time in the society of a fair florist, who is addicted to the vice of gambling. I do not wish to speak of him.



# *The Good Old Times at the Antipodes*

WRITTEN BY A PAKEHA. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



**B**Y a *Pakeha* I mean a white New Zealander. In old times the Maori called us all *Pakeha*, and divided white men into two classes: one was *rangatira*, or gentleman; and the other was *tutua*, or nobody. "The good old times" in New Zealand were those days when the Maori had, and right gallantly maintained, the right to class us as such, and to act accordingly. They were great days—perhaps for the Maori they may yet come again.

I was speaking of class distinctions—a man who came to New Zealand to trade or to buy provisions, flax or other things, was eminently a *rangatira*; while a runaway sailor, with no clothes worth stealing, and pretty tough eating as a rule, was a *tutua*, or nobody. The highest honour bestowable upon a white man was to make him *Pakeha Maori*, or full-blown member of a native tribe.

In those good old days, seventy or eighty years ago (what history we have crowded into the interval!), whalers and trading schooners from Sydney and other places used to drop into the harbours on the splendid sea-board of New Zealand for various necessaries and "trade." It was a standing rule among them that nettings were to be kept up to the lower tops while at anchor, and that not more than half-a-dozen unarmed natives were to be allowed on board at once.

These were the days when the natives paddled their own canoes, laboriously carved with stone implements from the heart of the giant Kauri. The *Pakeha* ship was indeed a puzzle. When she was seen flitting along the coast the Maori

would follow for many miles agaze at the wonder of her. She had vast wings, yet she didn't fly, but moved over the face of the deep at the *Pakeha's* will, and was not afraid of the *taniwha*, monsters with which the native imagination peopled the ocean. All this could pass, however, if it were certain she had "trade" aboard. The Maori wanted first muskets, then blankets, tobacco, and rum.

Very keenly did they discuss these matters around the fires of an evening—the possibility of getting them by legitimate trade, or even resorting to their canoes on some still night, and stealing the whole show. However, this was generally considered as bad policy; it might frighten away these winged birds of ships altogether.

They traded chiefly in flax for the "commodities" before mentioned—a ton of dressed flax for a musket, and half-a-ton extra for ammunition. Prices ran very high in those good old days, but it was death if you got no muskets. Sometimes the market was very much strained, and the Maori were hard put to it for "trade."

However, a demand for tattooed heads for European museums sprang up, and a supply was created forthwith. A *Pakeha Maori* of great note relates how he discovered this when present at a meeting of two friendly tribes:—

"The speeches of the orators were not very interesting," he says, "so I took a stroll to a little rising ground at about a hundred yards distance, where a company of natives, better dressed than usual, were seated apart. They had the best sort of coats, and had feathers on

their heads, which I already knew 'commoners' could not afford to wear, as they were only to be procured at some hundreds of miles to the south. Concluding that they were magnates of some kind, I approached that I might introduce myself. I stepped into the wide circle formed by my new friends, when one of them bowed to me in a very familiar way, and I, not to appear rude, returned the salute. Just then a breeze of wind came sighing along the hilltop ;

two, so as to take in a full view of this silent circle. I began to feel at last as if I had fallen into strange company. I began to look more closely at my companions, and to try to fancy what their characters in life had been. One had undoubtedly been a warrior ; there was something bold and defiant about the whole head. Another was the head of a very old man, grey, shrunken, and wrinkled. I was going on with my observations, when I was suddenly



AMONG THE WARM SPRINGS AND GEYSERS

my friend nodded again, and his cloak blew to one side. What do I see, or rather, what do I not see ? The head has no body under it ! The heads had all been stuck on slender rods, a cross-stick tied on to represent the shoulders, and the cloaks thrown over all in such a natural fashion as to deceive anyone at a short distance ; and a green Pakeha, who was not expecting any such thing, to a dead certainty. I fell back a step or

saluted from behind by a voice with 'Looking at the 'eds, sir ?' (it was one of the runaway-sailor type of Pakeha—evidently a *tutua*, or nobody—who was just then hanging about the place). 'Yes,' said I, turning round quickly.

" 'Eds has been a-getting scarce,' says he.

" 'I should think so,' says I.

" 'We ain't 'ad a 'ed this long time,' says he.

"'The Devil!' says I.

"'One of them 'eds has been hurt bad,' says he.

"'I should think all were, rather so,' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he, 'only one on 'em; the skull's split, and it won't fetch nothing.'

"'Oh, murder! I see now,' says I.

"'Eds was very scarce,' he explained, shaking his own 'ed.' 'They had to tattoo a slave a bit ago, and the villain ran away, tatooin' and all.'

"'What?' says I.

"'Bolted afore he was fit to kill,' says he.

"'Stole off with his own head,' I suggested.

"'That's just it,' says he.

"'Capital felony!' says I.

"'You may say that, sir,' upon which I bid him good evening, and walked away, feeling the bump of combativeness decidedly small in my own 'ed' the while."

To return. It was this interest in the curio market of Europe, and their interest in the "shippin' news" of other folks, that led to the decay of the Maori. Hitherto they had been warriors from their youth, waging their inter-tribal wars from generation to generation with undying hate. The Maori lived to fight, just as they say that nowadays your workman, over yonder in England, lives to strike. Those who were lucky enough to know the Maori before he donned his first pair of trousers aver that he followed the profession of arms with a discipline, and a skill and cunning, which would have done honour to the historic nations of the East. Their valour was invincible—save by other Maori. They practised the arts of fortifying, entrenching and mining with great cleverness; and their artifices in besieging the strong "rahs" or hill-forts of the enemy were endless. But, after all, their great glory was the open fight, man to man, with spear, club and tomahawk; and the sight of a thousand stark-naked warriors rushing in perfect order to the attack, calling on the names of Hauraki or Tiki Whenua—departed great ones—was vouchsafed only to those who lived in "the good old times."

With the advent of the irrepressible trader and his muskets there came a revolution. The open fight was useless against a tribe possessed of muskets, so they quickly changed their tactics, and speedily became bush-fighters of the first water. (We have old pensioners among us still who will swear for the "price of a pint" that in whole campaigns of the Maori wars they never saw a native.) The struggle to get enough flax or other goods to exchange for arms soon made itself felt. It was death to be without muskets—your next-door neighbour tribe would rake up a prehistoric "vendetta," fight, kill, and annihilate you, collar your friends for slaves, reap your harvests, and go home in triumph. But it came to be only slower death to get the coveted weapons—the tribe must go and dwell among the flax-swamps, neglect the crops, and let the youths run wild, while the flax was cut and dressed by day and by night, till the merciless ship was filled, before they could possess their treasure. Such life, and the state of unrest co-existing with it, told very heavily—it was the beginning of the end.

Another step, too, was your taking possession—you big Englishers—in the name of "Queenie Wikitoria," about the year 1840 A.D. It is credibly stated that this was done, not, of course, from any desire of "territorial aggrandisement," but to prevent the ambitious Frenchman from doing so.

Land companies sprang up—and they stank in the nostrils of the independent Maori. Who gave their surveyors permission to survey tracts of country among his eel-fisheries, and the thrice-sacred burial-places of his forefathers? And by what right were fences and houses put up on land indubitably his?

Their muskets were turned on the settlers promptly. Then came the red-coats—and the Maori wars commenced. Soon the Maori learnt to scoff at these, and would let their baggage and ammunition go scot free when at their mercy, since collaring it would spoil the sport and shorten the game which they considered the only one worthy of grown men.

When there was no real fighting to be done—not a redcoat to be heard of

for miles around—two villages would get up a sham fight, of course with loaded weapons, and meet in the evening to talk it over. "Ah," says one old man, "I nearly potted your brother-in-law this afternoon!" "Oh, but you

successfully carried on—in the opinion of our politicians. Captain Grey was soon known among the Maori affectionately as Kawana Kerei—which is "Governor Grey" Maorified. Under his firm hand there grew order out of



SUSAN—A HALF-CASTE GUIDE AT THE HOT LAKES

should have seen me make that boy of yours skip, up in the fern yonder."

When Sir George Grey, then plain captain, appeared on the scene as governor, we began that process of "making history" that is still being

chaos, and he framed a "Constitution" for the country when it became self-governing.

Christianity had made some progress: religion had been with the Maori a means to an end, and if he could enlist

a higher superstition on his side than his own he was nothing loth.

The famous old Pakeha Maori before mentioned once had the command of a lot of young bloods in a tribal war, subordinate to a very heathen and practical chief of great experience. Before the fight began the latter comes up to the Pakeha Maori and says, "Look here, young fellow! I've done the incantations and made it all square with my God. But you say you've got a God stronger than mine, and a lot of our young fellows go with you; there's nothing like having two Gods on our side, so you fellows do the proper business with Him, and then we'll fight."

"Could anything have been more business-like?" remarks the Pakeha. "But I was quite stuck up; for though I could have repeated a prayer from the Liturgy myself, my worthy converts, who, as usual, and rightly and philosophically, looked upon religion merely as a means to an end (*i.e.*, killing the greatest number of enemies) could not produce a line of Scripture among them. There was an awkward pause; our old commander was furious. Suddenly some one discovers that he has a hymn book in his possession. General exultation! 'Now,' cries the old chief, foaming at the mouth with excitement, 'go down upon your knees (I know that's the custom with your God) and repeat the charm after the Pakeha. Mind you don't make a mistake, now, for if one word is wrong, the whole thing will be turned topsy-turvy, and we shall be thrashed.' Then," concludes our veracious Pakeha, "having repeated the hymn word for word after me on our knees, I and my converts charged, and walked into the Amorites no end."

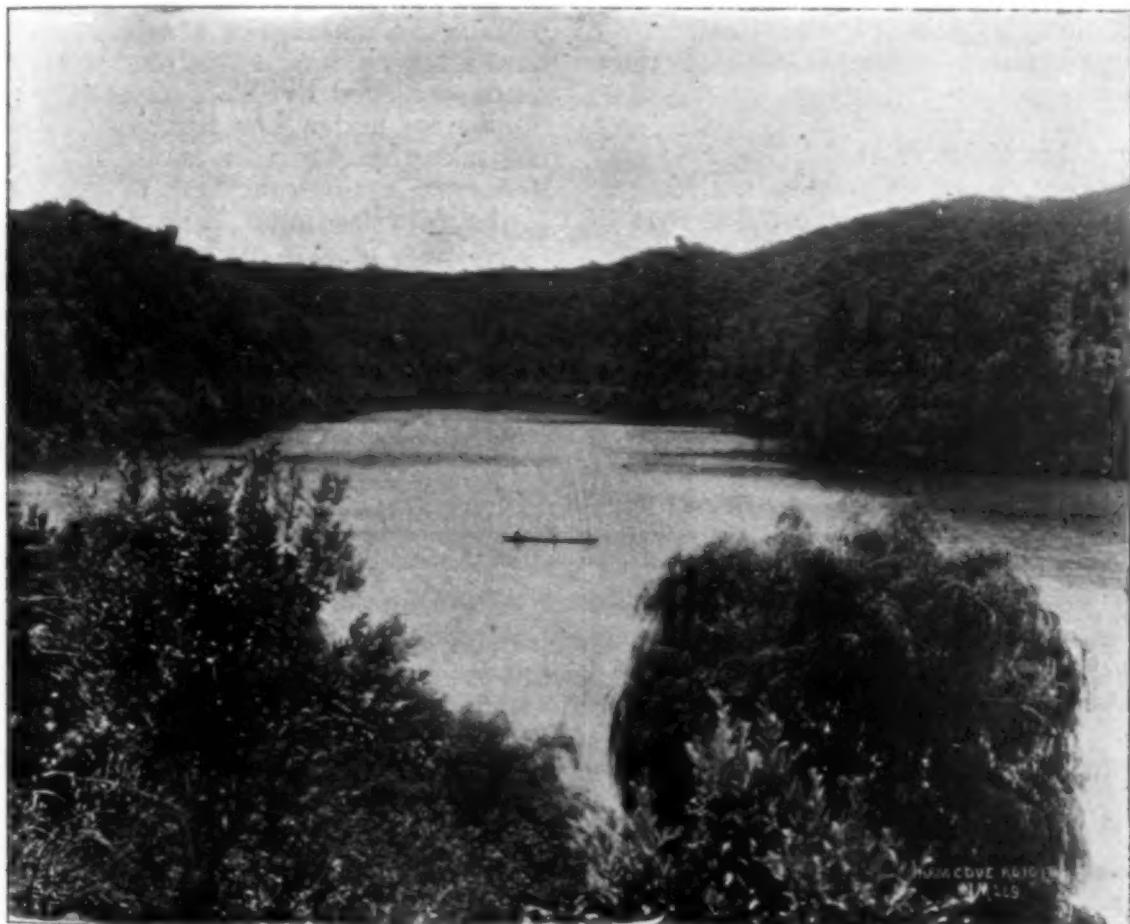
The "means to an end" covered the militant religion of the natives. However, in peace-time a certain series of weird superstitions hung over the country. It was the superiority of the superstitions of the white man that attracted them first, hence the common idea of the Maori having the unsought honour of being "a wonderful example of the thirst of noble savages for the truths of Christianity."

Before the white man's day, with his wars, his land questions, his huge borrowings, and his "experiments" in socialism, the Maori ruled according to his light by laws that were heirlooms, along with the strange weird tradition of their supposed immigration, and the beautiful, if barbaric, legends that grew up round the now famous wonderland of the Lake-country.

"Muru" was a fine old law, quite in the spirit of those good old days. As a rule a Maori did what he liked, always provided that he was able, or that he was willing to take the consequences. "Muru" was legal retaliation for injury, best explained by an illustration.—A warrior of the village has a little son, "a broth of a boy," and the family, in fact the whole tribe, look upon him as so much reserve capital: when they are old and their hands have lost their cunning, he and his like will fight as they do now. The warrior has a nurse (I wonder if the servants were as much trouble then as now), and this nurse has apparently "kep' company" with a young fellow who is engaged cutting fern on the outskirts. One day, while flirting with him, she allows the boy to fall into a fire and get so badly burnt that henceforth there is no further hope of him ever handling spear or club. The father knows what this means to him, and hopes for the best. The friends of the family get to hear of it, and form a "taua" or party to revenge the prospective injury done to the tribe, through the father employing a careless nurse. They swoop down upon his home, ransack it from "garret to cellar" (figuratively speaking), clear out all his goods and chattels, ignore the cries of his wives, and finally detail a warrior of about the same standing as the miscreant to lick him well with a club. Their mission finished, the party of friends decamp. The offender looks about him, and finds he has nothing left but the strained affection of his wives. But his honour is saved, wherein is the beauty of "muru." By the completeness of the robbery and the zeal of his oppressors, he knows he was truly what he thought himself to be,—a man of reputation and standing, a citizen of no mean city, so to speak. Had he

been a nobody, a mere *tutua*, no one would have cared if all his children were burnt. But for him, a man of rank and a good soldier, the likely father of good soldiers, to lose one of them in infancy—he felt he deserved punishing. So he emerges with flattened vanity; and perhaps, deep down, a resolve that when "muru" is exacted from some one else he'll be there. That "muru" was truly a good law.

bale it out." This was a tremendous "tapu," and, the victory won, no one durst take it from him, unless, of course, his following was so weak that they could not possibly back up his claim in a rough-and-tumble for it. In peace-time a chief may be passing a settler's door, and begs a mug of water—glasses being rare in the good old days—drinks the water, and shivers the "best iron-stone" to atoms on the floor. Of



A CORNER IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Then there was the greater and more spiritual law of "tapu." It shadowed the whole land; ancestral burying-places were "tapu," or sacred, and so were the persons and property of chiefs—and your property too, if they took a violent fancy to it, sometimes. In war-time "tapu" was most useful. A warrior would "spot" a fine canoe, belonging to some of the enemy, and would "tapu" it—say, thus: "That canoe—my skull shall be the baler to

course, the settler is furious, and will have the law of him. But he is reminded—a cup from which a chief has drunk is henceforth for no common mortal. One can imagine the outrage to Maori feelings, seeing our soldiery tramp, in war-time, through their ancient burying-grounds, and their most sacred objects defiled by the touch of the uncaring white man.

And now we Pakeha, born and bred under the shining Southern Cross, look

back on the sixty years of our possession, and can scarcely imagine that the sites of our growing cities and fertile fields were but yesterday the battle-fields of a race of cannibal warriors, of fine but utterly benighted instincts.

The remnant of the race is still independent—in nowise slaves to the white man. It seems regrettable that they did not possess earlier the arts of reading and writing, or an upholding mythology such as was evoked by the old-time nations of the East. We should tell a different story of them then.

Even now many of them have but a very dim vision of the "Great Spirit," whose "mana," or prestige and power, we have told them, far eclipses that of any of their own gods. They surely, and even rapidly, fail before us—more's the pity. We have taken away the old war-spirit, and the necessity of patient labour, for the fashioning of canoe and fighting weapon. In return, what have they? The gospel, rum, tobacco, a

couple of native members of parliament; and, last, a shining example of the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, with a faint idea of the far-off majesty of our "Queenie Wikitoria."

Surely Macaulay meant it to be a *white* New Zealander who was to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from his cold stone seat on London Bridge.

There is yet some remedy possible, and I would that some great *rangatira* over in England could be persuaded that in this dying race there yet remain the makings of a soldier. We have all been long acquainted with the deeds achieved by Sikh, Goorka, and Soudanese under our teaching. Why not take the Maori in hand, and give him once again something to live for? If the colonies must have a standing force, here is raw material most promising. If not needed there, we know the Maori nowadays would not hesitate to follow our flag anywhere.

This is an age of bye-products, not to be wasted. In the Maori we have a valuable one. Why waste him?

